Mar. 14, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities in this comedy dealing with a famous restaurant and the Yiddish Art Theatre. The humor, though, is rather special for the general public. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Guest in the House—Mary Anderson, Leon Ames, and Louise Campbell in a rather exciting play about a young woman who doesn't know her own strength. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Jason—A highly implausible but fairly entertaining play about a peculiar dramatic critic. Lee J. Cobb has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls, and the adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Spring Again—A modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. Grace George's gentle, eloquent acting is a great help. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Kiss for Cinderella—Luise Rainer, Ralph Forbes, and Cecil Humphreys in a revival of the Barrie play. Staged by Lee Strasberg and produced by Cheryl Crawford and Richard W. Krakeur. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." Lionel Stander and the De Marcos are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Best Foot Forward—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., also Sun. at 3.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Thurs., March 12.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Of V We Sing—A topical revue which is rather appealing but scarcely up to Broadway competition. (Concert, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat. and Sun.)

Porgy and Bess—Cheryl Crawford's superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Sons o' Fun—The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. Strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Johnny 2 X 4—A play by Rowland Brown, with Jack Arthur and Evelyn Wyckoff. Produced by Mr. Brown. Opens Mon., March 16. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Priorities of 1942—A variety show, with Lou Holtz, Phil Baker, Willie Howard, and Paul Draper. Produced by Clifford C. Fischer and the Messrs. Shubert. Opens Thurs., March 12. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30, also Sat. at midnight. Mats. 2:30, daily, also Sun. at 5:30.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Boston Comic Opera Company in "The Gondoliers," Thurs. Eve., March 12; "Iolanthe," Fri. and Sat. Eves., March 13-14; "The Mikado," Sat. Aft., March 14. Eves. at 8:30; Mat. at 2:30. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., March 12-14 and March 19-21, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Studio Theatre—Presenting "Nathan the Wise," a translation from the German by Ferdinand Bruckner, with Herbert Berghof and Olive Deering: Thurs. through Sun. Eves., March 12-15, and Tues. through Sat. Eves., March 17-21, at 8:30. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-6221.)

Children's Entertainment—The King-Coit Children's Theatre in Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring": Sun. Aft., March 15, at 4. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Peter Rabbit in Mr. MacGregor's Garden": Sat. Aft., March 21, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

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THE NEW YORKER
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DANCE RECITALS

Argentinita—Appearing with her company in programs which will include some new compositions: Fri. through Sun. Eves., March 13-15, at 8:45. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Presenting "This Passion," "Alcina Suite," "On My Mother's Side," and "Atavisms": Sat. and Sun. Eves., March 14-15, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is where Arthur Murray's honor students do their homework. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the comfortable Bowman Room. Enric Madriguera's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis is appearing on these tropical premises, along with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and some other entertainers.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Ella Logan sings and Stanley Melba's orchestra plays in the Cotillion Room. . . . Betty Bryant sings in the Café.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Eleanor French heads the show in the Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Among the entertainers way up there in the clouds are Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, of the Metropolitan Ballet. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Maurice and Cordoba are dancing in the Iridium Room. Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde and Bob Grant's orchestra will replace John Hoysradt and Ernie Holst's orchestra in the Café Lounge on Fri., March 20.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Billy de Wolfe heads the show and there's also a tightwire-walker. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are up to their old deft tricks at the supper hour in the Wedgwood Room and Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra are there all evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): unusually quiet, and the show, headed by Maxine Sullivan, is unusual too. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs, and there are other performers as well. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a

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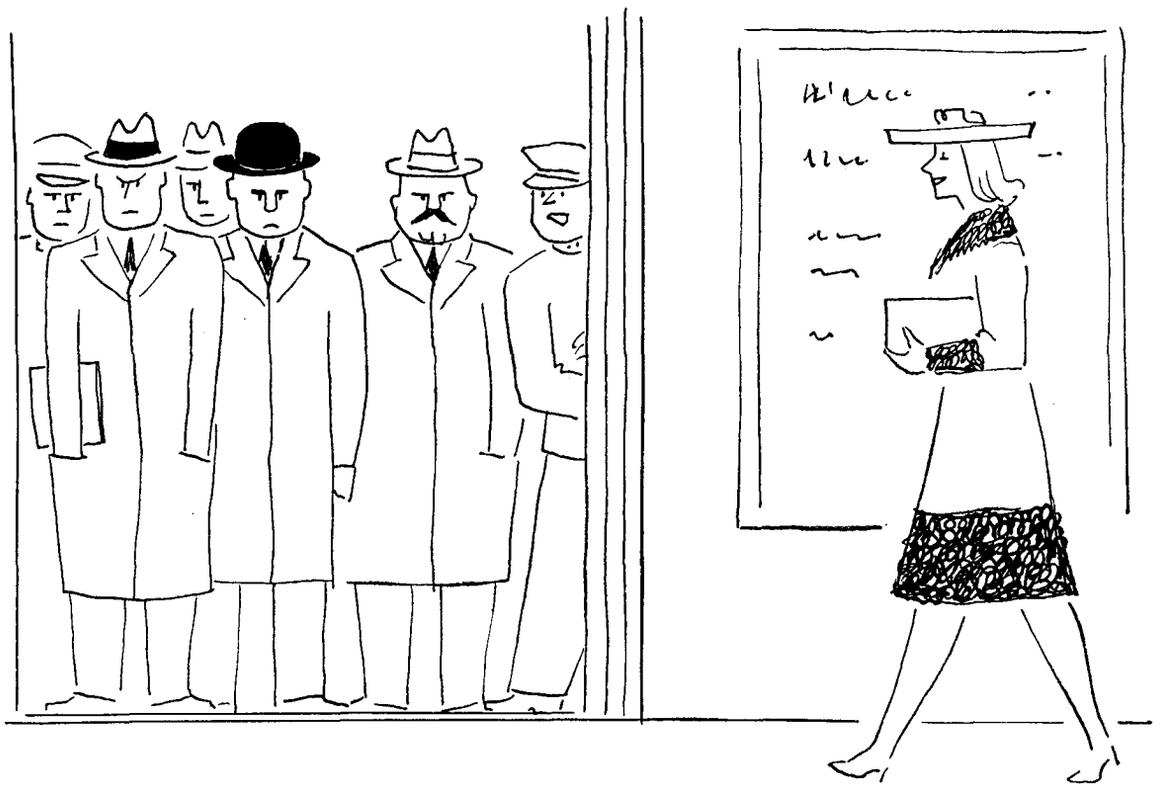

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Georgie Price. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with the Golden Gate Quartet, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band. John Kirby's band will be there through Sat., March 14, too. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evalyn Tyner's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra will be replaced by Woody Herman's on Fri., March 13. The ice show will stay on. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar place specializing in folk singers, with Burl Ives and Belle Rosette on hand at the moment. Closed Mon. . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with, among other entertainers, Pilar Lopez, the dancer. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show that's been going about a year now.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, and a number of others play in this downtown meeting place. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, with the King Cole Trio and Nick Jerret's orchestra.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

AMERICANS—At the KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: about thirty drawings by Glackens, Hart, Henri, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 21. . . . HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: paintings by twenty-five primitive artists, selected by Sidney Janis, who knows his way around in this field. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 14. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: the gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a loan show of works by Isabel Bishop, Doris Rosenthal, Jacob Getlar Smith, and others of its group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 21. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: annual midseason retrospective of works by this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 21.

ARTISTS IN EXILE—At the MATISSE, 41 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Tanguy, Ernst, Chagall, Lipchitz, and a number of others, in an imposing roundup of European artists exiled by the war and now living here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28. . . . DEMOTTE, 39 E. 51: nice paintings by Kokoschka and some other Czecho-Slovakians, in about as informative a survey of works by artists of that unhappy little country as could be expected under the circumstances; a benefit for free Czecho-Slovakian forces. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., March 12.

ATHERTON—Surrealist paintings by an artist with great technical facility and considerable imaginativeness: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 30.

AUSTIN—New oils by a painter with a definite flair for the sinuous and mysterious: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

BAROQUE PAINTING—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that is having an increasing influence on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

BONNARD—Small but well-selected collection of drawings, water colors, and prints by one of the last of the true Impressionists: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

CLEMENS—Rosily Renoiresque portraits and figure studies: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and Nathaniel Dance: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through March 28.

FOLK ART—American wars and warriors from 1790 to 1890, as portrayed by folk painters and sculptors: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

FRENCH—A survey of nineteenth-century painters from Daumier and Corot to Cézanne and Renoir: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28.

KLEE—A rotating exhibition of works by this artist—oils, water colors, and other media—planned to continue throughout the rest of the season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LECHAY—Tenuous but attractive water colors, mainly of Massachusetts coast scenes: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

MASSON—Paintings and drawings by one of the original Paris surrealists, his first one-man showing here since 1935: Buchholz and Willard Galleries, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Some special exhibits: a large, varied loan show of contemporary American paintings and sculptures, bearing the self-descriptive title "On the Bright Side" (through Sun., March 15); stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through March 29); the Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (both through April 30). The Junior Museum is showing pictures by children in refugee camps abroad, through Sun., March 15. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—Bones, flowers, and other incongruities again juxtaposed with this artist's faultless skill and taste: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 27.

QUIRT—One of the first American surrealists, this artist exhibits some of his best and most imaginative work to date: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103—Sculptures and other works by members of the recently formed Bombshell Group. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 22.

STERNBERG—An extremely able maker of silk-screen prints shows some new examples, together with oils and works in other media: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

WEBER—Recent oils by a man who has managed to stay pretty much in the forefront of American art ever since the days of Cubism: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 4.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Large, national exhibition of prints by American artists from 1914 to the present; also, selected sculptures by contemporary Americans. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

HERE AND THERE—At the ANDRE SELIGMANN, 15 E. 57: portraits and landscapes by old masters and contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 21. . . . ARTISTS', 113 W. 13: paintings, carvings, and other works by Boris Margo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 2 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., March 16. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: annual exhibition by the New York Society of Women Artists. Daily 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sat., March 14. . . . KLEEMANN, 38 E. 57: small paintings by Eugene Higgins. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 4. . . . FIFTEEN, 37 W. 57: oils, water colors, and drawings by Victor De Pauw. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 23. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils by Marsden Hartley and water colors by Karl Mattern. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64: paintings, gouaches, and drawings by Eugenio Lucas and his son. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 21. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: recent paintings by Edwin Dickinson. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28. . . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89: annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 29. . . . KENNEDY, 785 5 Ave., at 59: drawings and etchings by John Taylor Arms. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by the Gloucester Society of Artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: portraits of Luks, Henri, Glackens, and other American artists by themselves and their friends. Mon., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 21. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: recent paintings by Revington Arthur. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 14. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Boudin, Pissarro, Lamotte, and other French and American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31. . . . ARGENT, 42 W. 57: annual exhibition of sculpture by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 21. . . . BONESTELL, 106 E. 57: recent paintings by Ben-Zion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., March 13, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., March 15, at 3; Thurs. Eve., March 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 20, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 21, at 8:45. (Soloists: Francescatti, March 13 and 15; Serkin, March 19-20; Corigliano, March 21.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 12, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., March 14, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., March 13, at 8:30.

DON COSSACK CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., March 13, at 8:40.

MUSEUM CONCERT—Final program of the annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sun. Aft., March 15, at 4.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Beecham conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., March 15, at 5:30.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Assisted by the Schola Cantorum, Yella Pessl, and John Wum-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

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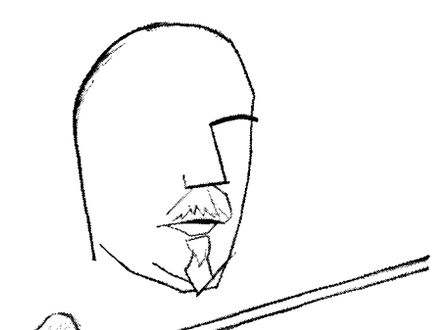

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, BART.,

who conducts the New York City Symphony at Carnegie Hall this Sunday. The Bart. has been conducting for thirty-seven years, first the Beecham Symphony and later the London Philharmonic, and is popularly supposed to have subsidized these orchestras to the extent of a million pounds. It used to be quite a gag to call the London Philharmonic the Pillharmonic, the family fortune having been made in Beecham's Pills. Sir Thomas is not in the pill business, but once composed an advertisement which ran:

Hark the herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mer; Stiedry conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., March 15, at 5:30.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting; soloist, Leroux: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., March 16, at 8:45.

BUSCH CHAMBER MUSIC PLAYERS—First of a series of three concerts: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., March 16, at 8:45.

BENEFIT CONCERT—René Maison, Paul Haakon, Felix Salmond, and many other musicians and dancers representing the allied nations, in a program for the American ORT Federation: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., March 18, at 8:15.

BROOKLYN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Bamberger conducting, with soloists and choral groups: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Wed. Eve., March 18, at 8:30.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Alexander Brailowsky, Sun. Eve., March 15, at 8:30.

KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM—Lotte Lehmann, Sun. Eve., March 15, at 9.(Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Pagliacci" and "The Island God," Thurs. Eve., March 12; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., March 13; "Faust," Sat. Aft., March 14; "Lohengrin," Sat. Eve., March 14, final performance of the regular season. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., March 12; Brooklyn Americans vs. Toronto, Sun., March 15. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., March 15 at 1:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Johnny Colan vs. Jimmy Webb, 12 rounds, light heavyweights, Fri., March 13; Ray Robinson vs. Marty Servo, 10 rounds, welterweights, Fri., March 20; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M. . . . Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions, Wed., March 18, starting at 8:15 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 14, at 8 P.M.

INDOOR POLO—Intercollegiate Championship, U.S. Military Academy, West Point, Sat., March 14, at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

FLOWER SHOW—The amateur and professional gardeners' big event of the year: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Mon. through Sat., March 16-21. Opening day, 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.; other days, 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—About two hundred and fifty prints in the annual International Salon of Photography, sponsored by the Pictorial Photographers of America, with entries this year largely restricted to the Western Hemisphere: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 22. . . . Pictures of the Civil War and frontier expeditions into the Far West, by Matthew B. Brady and other early American photographers: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through April 5.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1873: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

SCALE MODELS—Twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century ships used by this country, Britain, and France: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., March 15.

BENEFIT—Annual theatrical turnout and fashion show to help the Israel Orphan Asylum: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., March 21, at 8:30.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

ON THE AIR—"Faust," with Albanese, Kullman, and

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Pinza, from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., March 14, at 2, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., March 14, at 9, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Aft., March 15, at 3, WABC. . . . Baseball: Giants vs. Dodgers, from Miami, Sat. and Sun. Afts., March 14-15, at 3, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6, WABC; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

TELEVISION—Civilian-defense programs: over WCBW, conservation in the home, Fri., March 13, at 8:25 P.M.; first aid, Mon. and Tues., March 16-17, at 9 P.M.; and consumer problems, Wed., March 18, at 8:25 P.M. Over WNBT, gas warfare, Mon. through Wed., March 16-18, at 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Selections from the libraries of John P. Kane, the late Edward C. Gale, and others, including first editions and books on the sea: Thurs. Aft., March 12, at 2. . . . French and English furniture, Georgian silver, tapestries, rugs, and porcelains belonging to Mme. Evelyn Pardridge, Mrs. Nelson B. Williams, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., March 12-14, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—Silver formerly owned by the Duke of Cumberland, the Earl of Beaconsfield, the Earl of Pembroke, and other members of the English nobility: Sat. Aft., March 14, at 2.

NOTE—The annual St. Patrick's Day parade will assemble at 5th Ave. and 48th St. at 1 P.M. on Tues., March 17, and proceed north to 110th St.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold are among those involved in this excellent adaptation of Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the Faustian fable of old New Hampshire. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 13.)

BALL OF FIRE—Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in a comedy of professors and gunmen which makes, and teaches us, a beautiful lesson in American slang. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., March 12.)

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—Tough goings-on among Canadian air cadets and instructors, all in Technicolor. With James Cagney. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., March 12.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—A Steinbeck sketch of a pueblo town in a remote district of the Mexican hills, and especially of the resistance of the natives to modern ideas. With a commentary spoken by Burgess Meredith. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., March 13-19.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—The Marquand novel solemnly screened, with Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. Can you or can't you stand the idea of life on Beacon Hill? That is the question. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., March 12.)

THE INVADERS—How a Nazi submarine crew thought they would just snip off Canada and hand it to Hitler, and how, after much travel, they are disappointed. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

KINGS ROW—A major picture, more affecting than entertaining, about the psychopathology of a small American town in the nineteen-hundreds. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, and Ronald Reagan. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

LABURNUM GROVE—Edmund Gwenn, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in a screen version of the play about the respectable family man who took a turn at counterfeiting. Unusual and with its interest. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., March 13-19. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., March 14-16.)

THE MALTESE FALCON—Dashiell Hammett's story of private investigators, polite killers (male and female), with never a calm moment. Exciting and strenuous. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., March 13-16.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—If you missed the play, here's your chance to get the idea. A careful reproduction of the original study of greatness behind the scenes, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., March 13. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., March 14. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Fri., March 20. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., March 14-17. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Thurs., March 15-19. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Sat., March 15-21.)

SERGEANT YORK—Of the Tennessee mountain boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it all happened. A superbly managed film, with Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 12.)

SON OF FURY—Old-fashioned fiery adventure, with such young faces as Gene Tierney's and Tyrone Power's often in evidence. It has its moments of excitement. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., March 13-19.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—No nonsense here, but a direct and very simple and very stirring account of an average evening's program of the R.A.F. How to bomb a German town. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 12. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., March 14.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—Somewhat curious comedy laid in Poland at the time of the invasion, and mostly a joke on the Gestapo. With Carole Lombard and Jack Benny. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a comedy, which you may or may not like, about a sportswriter who marries a career girl. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., March 18.)

NOTE—"Churchill's Island," a remarkable twenty-minute compilation of newsreel shots describing the defenses of England, is being shown at the Rivoli, B'way at 49. Distinguished and not to be missed.

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, and war. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., March 15-17.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Very French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., March 18-19.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 13.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., March 13.)

MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Park, Columbus Circle; Thurs., March 12.)

THE RAGE OF PARIS (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., March 18-19.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., March 15-17.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS., MARCH 12: five Chaplin Keystone comedies (1914). FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 13-14: four Chaplin Essanay comedies (1915). SUN. AND MON., MARCH 15-16: "Hearts of the World" (1918), with Lillian and Dorothy Gish. TUES. AND WED., MARCH 17-18: "Wild and Woolly" (1917) and "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), both with Douglas Fairbanks. THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 19-20: four short Russian films (1909-17). SAT., MARCH 21: "Male and Female" (1919), with Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, and Gloria Swanson.

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Saucy and vivacious...and spiced with daring. A fragrance as subtle as an eyebrow deftly arched...as inviting as a woman's smile.
mais Oui
(PRONOUNCED "MAY WE"—MEANS "BUT YES!")
mais Oui
B O
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BOURJOIS NEW YORK

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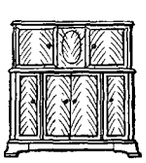
(Advertisement)

"I must be slippin' . . . I doped out de combination of de wall safe, but dis new RCA Victrola dat plays records on both sides widout turnin' em over has me licked!"

Idea suggested by O. Murry Woodruff

Mysterious Disappearance

WE are informed by a reliable source that ought to know, that a high percentage of all presumably "missing persons" are ultimately located in pretty much their usual habitat and routine, having undergone nothing worse than a lapse of memory, a visit to Brooklyn, or a bad cold. This, we are now privileged to reveal, turns out to be the case with a certain friend of ours in the East Sixties, who got one of those RCA Victrola V-225's for his birthday and was to all appearances withdrawn from circulation shortly thereafter.



Wishing to do a little detective work of our own, last week, we dropped around at his apartment and questioned the doorman, which is the way these investigations usually begin. "He's in," said the doorman, darkly. We found he was right, too; our friend was staggering around under the weight of a four-day-old beard, but seemed otherwise normal.

"It sort of grows on you," he said, referring not to the beard but to the RCA Victrola V-225, an instrument that does the improbable job of playing records automatically on both sides, *without* turning them over. "You just press this button," said our friend, suiting the action to the word, "and out comes a two-hour concert. No changing records *or* needles. No getting up in the middle of a symphony to reverse the stack of records . . . I just can't seem to let it alone," he added, rather desperately.

He couldn't either. He showed us the Teletube Radio that the RCA boys had dreamed up, and tuned in an overseas short-wave broadcast of somebody speaking in what may have been Polish . . . So now *we're* missing. Metropolitan dailies please note.

RCA VICTROLA

(Advertisement)

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You couldn't have timed it better!

MAN: You mean the way I finished my broadcast right on the dot?

US: No, we mean this is the best time you could possibly pick to join us over a highball. You see, we have a question we'd like to ask.

MAN: Sounds like a two-man quiz program. Is the highball a reward for answering the question?

US: Yes—in a way. But we won't keep you in suspense. The question is: Have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MAN: To be perfectly honest, I've been meaning to, but haven't . . . yet.

US: Then you're about to make a wonderful discovery! Because marvelous things have happened to today's Four Roses. Meeting up with a whiskey like this—so rich and mellow and flavorful—is an experience you won't forget for a long time!

MAN: You seem to think rather highly of this whiskey of yours.

US: You'll see why, when you try it. Honest, this de luxe edition of Four Roses is just too good to miss!

MAN: Well, what are we waiting for? If today's Four Roses is all you claim for it, let's not waste time *talking* about it! Let's be off, my friend!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

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"Let's talk about homes... and flowers"

"There has never been a time when our homes were as dear to us as they are now. We have become sentimental about them. We are grateful for the peace, comfort and refreshment that we find in them. We are eager to make our homes more inviting, more attractive.

"So in a 'keep the home fires brighter' frame of mind, we have written a third book for you—'Homes and Flowers' is the title—flowers are its theme song—brightening the home its purpose. It is full of gay inexpensive ways to use flowers; to decorate with them; ways that take little time and less money. There are also suggestions for using such common media as sticks and stones, or cabbage and spinach; decorations that can be borrowed temporarily from the icebox or vegetable garden.

"When you receive your copy you will see that the materials and color illustrations are entirely new. New also are the ideas for serving everyone's favorite refreshment — Coca-Cola — simple easy methods that give a lift to casual hospitality."

Laura Lee Burroughs

Color photograph of Laura Lee Burroughs, author of Volumes I and II of "Flower Arranging," issued in 1940 and 1941 by The Coca-Cola Company. Her new book for 1942 "Homes and Flowers" is offered to you on this page.

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In the book "Homes and Flowers" are suggestions for serving refreshments interestingly, and with a difference. Ways to serve Coca-Cola ice-cold . . . simple ways, elaborate ways, whatever your choice. Ice-cold Coca-Cola, with its life and sparkle, adds to gayer, brighter home living. Always have an ample supply pre-cooled in your refrigerator. You can get Coca-Cola in the handy six-bottle carton from your dealer.

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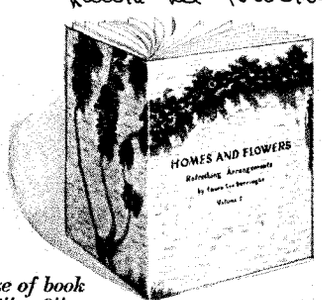

Size of book 7" x 9"

New Book!...

"HOMES AND FLOWERS"

BY LAURA LEE BURROUGHS

62 Color Illustrations
Flower Arrangements . . . Home Settings
. . . Interesting Ideas.

How to get a copy! Send your name and address (clearly printed) with ten cents in coin or stamps (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, DEPT. NE.

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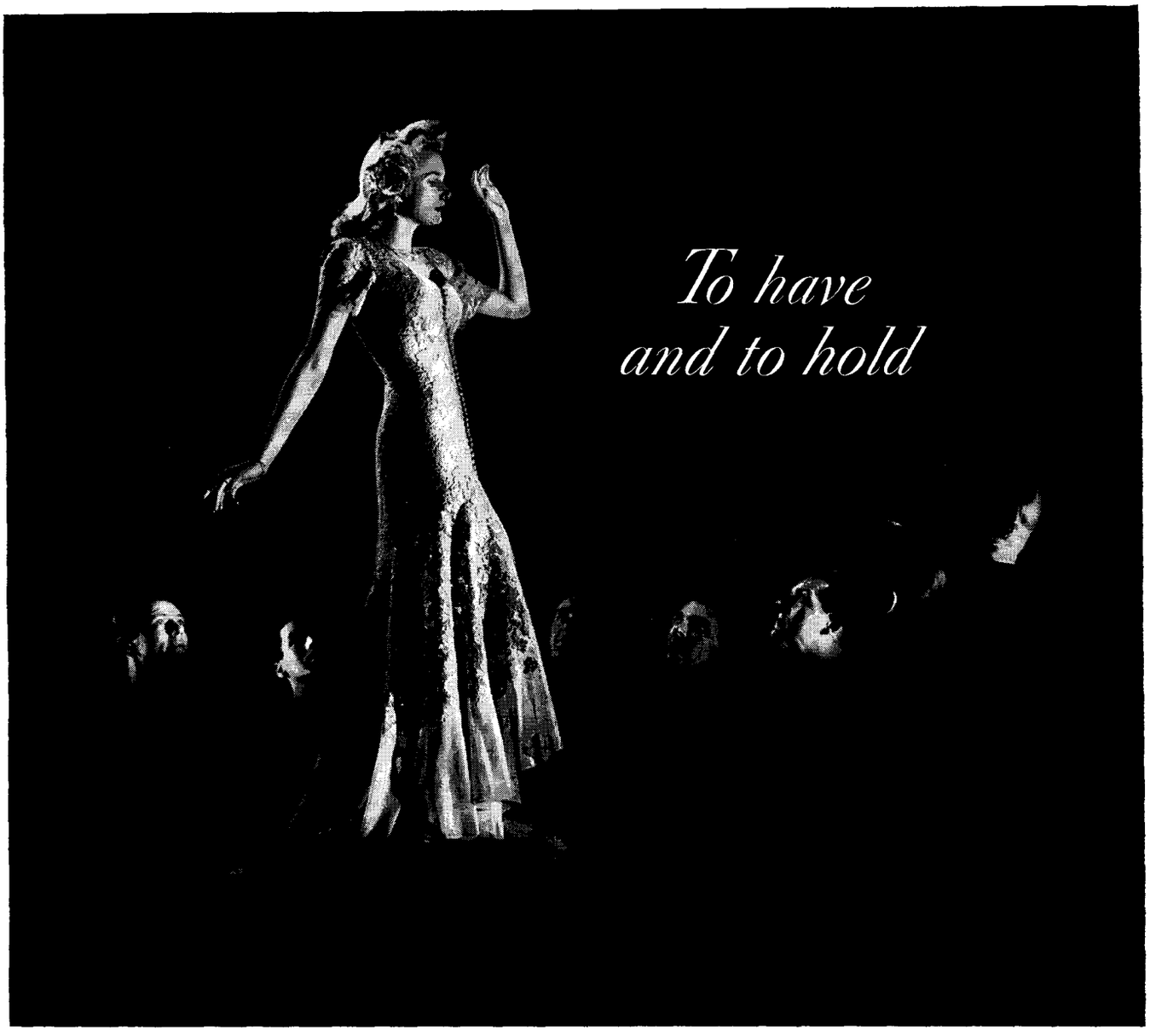

IN AMERICA, woman has achieved her place . . . not by deeds or dowry rights or ties that smack of bondage . . . but rather, by her tender instincts of heart, her impulse to inspire love and kindle respect. And because her instincts are born of freedom and her concept of beauty is fine, the American woman stands high on the pedestal of admiration . . . envied by the peoples of the world.

To hold this place challenges today's woman to resolve . . .

That she will meet today's problems with understanding and tenderness . . . that she will meet *each* day with sound judgment and sensible outlook . . .

That she will ever remain sweetheart, companion and friend . . . that she will raise her family in the buoyant fun-loving American way . . .

That she will guard her appearance as she guards her thoughts, dressing carefully—choosing lovely clothes which enhance her beauty . . . lift her spirits . . . reflect her courage . . .

That she will smile, dance . . . keep on with things inspiring . . . that in all she will remain uncompromisingly feminine: That she will serve her country but not without grace.

Such is the part and place of an American woman—and such is hers to preserve.

New York Dress Institute

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grey flannels, an Altman specialty . . . and this two-piece suit is a beautiful example of the respect we have for classic wool flannel. We have it tailored painstakingly into good, clean lines. We admire and advocate it for the untiring way it wears, for its complete dependability. We recommend it highly for the trim and efficient suit to go with your busy 1942-lifel Sizes 10 to 20, 29.95.

Altman suit salon, third floor

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OF the twelve steps we would like to see taken in this war without further delay, the first is the unification of the information bureaus and the appointment of Elmer Davis to head them up. As a surtaxpayer, a registree, a bond buyer, and a son of freedom, we are discouraged and dissatisfied with the kind of news which has been handed us since Pearl Harbor. The news has undulated in the murmurous region somewhere between the mysterious silence of the censor and the lyrical scream of the propagandist. It has been baffling, contradictory, and tentative. Mr. Davis, on the air the other night, presented the best case for unification and the strongest indictment of the present mess. In our opinion not only is he right but he is the man to sit on the desk.

Our eleven other recommendations for winning the war will be presented as soon as the government acts on the first one.

FOR a good many years we have resented paying quite as much as we do to the Bureau of Internal Revenue. An old newspaperman ourself, we have known more than our share of fat incompetents on the public payrolls, far more than our share of projects obviously designed to employ some registered voter's unemployable nephew. These days things are a little different. Some of our money will inevitably go to the incompetents and the nephews, democracy being a system under which the fat, cynical, and well connected have always been provided for, and presumably always will. The greater part of it, however, will go to defend an idea which, among other things, makes a paragraph like this one possible. Fractionally, the government gets about one dollar out of every four we make, or about twice what we pay for rent. This seems to us a remarkably modest percentage, it being incomparably more valuable to live in a free country than even the best remodelled brownstone in the world, which, incidentally, ours isn't. Among our friends there are several who have recently been obliged to rearrange their lives in a way that seems very drastic to them and they have been inclined to be smug about it. We have no particular words of congratulation or cheer for them. Like everybody else, they are probably doing everything they can, but as far as we can see, it is nothing at all.

"IT will be sort of like Lent, only longer," a girl said to us the other day, meaning the war as she saw it affecting her own life. She spoke without irreverence, and we could see exactly what she meant: the impinging on her bright, busy life of a solemn but hopeful ritual, so convincing that even unbelievers find themselves going to the cathedral in their lunch hour; the material sacrifices, made in honor of an ideal but bearing worldly dividends in the form of a fresher complexion and a slimmer waist; and, at the end, the prospect of wearing festive new clothes and walking again in the spring sunshine with her young man.

IN these stirring times you can't claim to be a journalist, or even a student of journalism, if you haven't dressed up as a German soldier and walked unchal-

lenged through some heavily guarded locality like a shipyard or an Army camp. A serious young friend of ours, worried about the probable effect of these antics on the nation's morale, has decided to give his life in an attempt to bolster up our confidence. He plans to dress up as a colonel of a *Panzer* division and arrange to have the cop on the beat tipped off, so that the minute he appears on the street he'll be shot down like a dog. We suggested that it might be just as effective if he surrendered before getting shot, but he said no; said he wanted to throw a scare into the *PM* boys.

WE live in a time of signs and wonders, of vast mystical portents that change the very sky above our heads. A few days ago a large and unusually virulent spot appeared on the face of the sun, disrupting radio communication, scrambling telephone calls, turning the

aurora borealis on and off, and in general disorganizing a terrestrial life that wasn't too orderly in the first place. A few nights ago there was blood on the moon, a moon like the one that should have warned Caesar centuries before, now lighting a world in which the techniques of assassination have been considerably improved. We incline to feel that these heavenly signs have some meaning greater than what the prosy scientists tell us of lunar eclipses and magnetic particles in space. Coming to work this morning, we took a chance and asked the elevator boy what he made of them. "Just means Market Wise finished eighth at Hialeah," he said, leering at us like envious Casca.

THE seventh symphony of Dmitri Shostakovich, depicting "the victory of the Red Army over German barbarism," has just been completed and given its first public performance, at which, if we may believe the Associated Press, it was hailed as a masterpiece and

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compared favorably with Tchaikovsky's "1812" overture, which deals with an earlier Russian victory over an invader. The whole procedure impresses us and frightens us a bit, like a fast card trick, and we can't decide whether it is characteristic of our hurried times in general or of the peculiar nature of production in a socialist state. Tchaikovsky wrote his overture more than fifty years after the defeat of Napoleon, we understand, and then waited a long while for a performance and even longer for the applause. Now a young man writes a symphony celebrating victory while he is still under fire, rushes it out of his besieged city before the ink has had time to dry, has it performed immediately, and hears it proclaimed a masterpiece. We don't doubt that it is a good symphony, but we can't help being reminded of the scene in "Through the Looking Glass" in which the White Queen says, "It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," and adds that the things she remembers best are the "things that happened the week after next."

Microfilm

ONCE this country has large expeditionary forces in action, as you may have read, mail from the soldiers, and the sailors too, will come home on microfilm. That is the way the British have been handling their soldiers' mail from Egypt, India, and other far-flung areas, and it is what the American Army is figuring on. Moreover, the method will be adopted for outgoing mail also. At present the British expeditionary soldier writes out his letter on a regulation sheet of paper, 8½ by 11 inches, and this is photographed and sent home, usually by air. The British post office makes a 4-by-5-inch print of the letter and mails it to the homefolk. As seventeen hundred letters can be photographed on a hundred feet of film, the mail output of a whole division weighs only a few pounds and isn't a great problem, even for a plane.

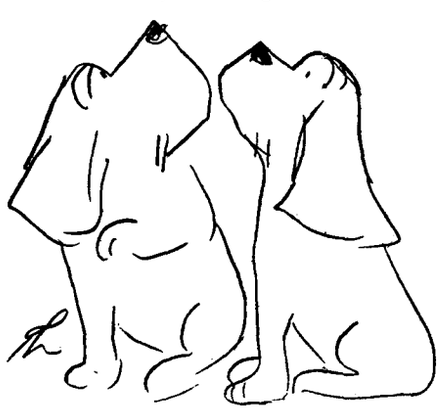
The Army, we learn, is only one of the organizations that are exhibiting a keen wartime interest in microfilm. There has been a rush by all sorts of private institutions and enterprises to make photographic duplicates of their important documents and have them buried or sent to a place far from the danger of bombs and shells. The Recordak Corporation, an Eastman subsidiary which makes, rents, and sells microfilm equipment, is up to its ears.

Recordak began marketing its machines in 1928, and progressed steadily and quietly until back in 1939, when it got into the newspapers a good deal; the Westinghouse Time Capsule was buried with a considerable hullabaloo and a considerable amount of microfilm on which had been recorded documents of the day. Libraries and newspapers took to using microfilm to save the vast amount of space taken up by newspaper files. Insurance companies, hospitals, department stores, and all kinds of business outfits used it for their records, cutting down their filing space fifty-fold. More than four thousand banks throughout the country now photograph all checks that pass through their hands and thus have available facsimiles as a protection for themselves and their customers in the event of forgery or other chicanery. A notable local exception is the Guaranty Trust Company. At the time of Munich, even the Bank of England and several other British financial institutions swallowed their conservatism and began to use microfilm, cabling over here for equipment. The machines used by the British soldiers are also American-made.

To keep up with present traffic, the Recordak people have temporarily called off exports and have set up a special service in each of their laboratories, of which there are fifteen in the country. If you bring your records to them, they'll photograph them for a charge of five dollars per thousand exposures, film and development extra; minimum fee ten dollars, to keep out the Chinese laundries. It used to be that you had to rent a microfilm outfit, at from $12.50 a month, for a hand-operated one, to $30 for an electrical one capable of twelve thousand exposures an hour.

Hard Wear

A GLAMOUR girl was shopping in Saks the other day, and overheard something remarkable and mysterious. A lady standing next to her at the counter had been trying to decide between two negligees, and finally plumped for one with a large floral design. "It won't show footprints," she explained to the salesgirl.



Jap Gyp

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY was as indignant a pianist as you'd hope to see when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, but he wasn't surprised. He had, it now turns out, known at first hand about the duplicity of the Japanese for well onto eight years, ever since he played a concert tour there. In 1934, a recently organized Tokio firm which imported American movies and dabbled in concert management on the side made Brailowsky a decently substantial offer to go to Japan for a concert tour. The contract provided for the payment of one installment in advance, the balance, ten thousand dollars, to be portioned out after each of ten concerts. Brailowsky, who was then living in Paris, signed the contract and in due course received the advance payment, after which he and Mrs. Brailowsky sailed for Tokio.

The couple were effusively welcomed by officials of the film company, their hotel room was up to here in flowers, the concert hall was sold out, and the first audience was rapturous. It was not until next morning that Brailowsky realized that nobody had forked over any yen. Not wishing to embarrass his little brown managers, he played a second concert, and a third, without mentioning money. Then, because he was really running short of cash, he finally came right out and reminded the film company that it owed him for three concerts. The officials only smiled, bowed, hissed, and told him not to worry. He did worry, though, to the extent of talking things over with the French Ambassador, who urged him to lay down an ultimatum that he wouldn't play another note until he was paid for those he had played. The Japanese, their exquisite manners never more winning, heard Brailowsky's ultimatum, then whipped back one of their own: if he didn't finish the concert tour, he wouldn't get any more money.

Vaguely hopeful that things might work out somehow, Brailowsky played two more concerts, meanwhile retaining an English lawyer to find out what went on. The lawyer soon discovered the Jap in the woodpile. The film company, in need of funds, had mortgaged the proceeds of Brailowsky's tour to a bank, and the bank had foreclosed. The

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film company had undertaken to jolly him along during his tour, so that the bank would get its dough. Abandoning the ten thousand dollars still owed to him, the scheduled five concerts, and all hope of any Oriental-Occidental accord, as far as he was concerned, Brailowsky made reservations on the next boat for home and started to pack. Then (and here's the really wonderful Japanese touch) a delegation of executives from the film company pattered into his hotel room, laden down with flowers and bon-voyage baskets. It had been *so* nice (*hiss*). Brailowsky was *great* artist (*hiss*). They all hoped Japan could be his host soon again (*hiss*). "I'll be back as soon as China conquers Japan," Brailowsky said briskly. Apparently that hurt their feelings, because they left, taking their flowers and baskets.

"Income-tax blank b'long me. You savvy. You fella notary public, maybe so?"

• •

Turn About

A DEAR old lady arrived at LaGuardia Field the other day, to pay her first visit to her son and daughter-in-law in the city. They picked her up in their car and started home by way of the Triborough Bridge. When they stopped on the bridge to pay toll, the old lady was surprised and interested, and had to have the whole business explained to her. Well, they got off the bridge, turned down the East Side Drive, and struck their first red light at 110th Street. Instantly alert, the old lady began fumbling in her reticule, and cried, "Now, children, *you* must let *me!*"

Woolley

SOMETHING new has been added to our municipal government, in the person of our new Commissioner of Markets: a man who has had no previous experience in politics and had never even met Mayor LaGuardia before his appointment; a man who started his business career as an office boy and wound it up as vice-president of Standard Brands; a man who startled the world by thinking up dated coffee; a man who introduced the Norwegian elkhound to this country; a man who, since his retirement from business, has become a pretty good sculptor. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Mr. Daniel Pittinger Woolley!

"We work here six days a week, twenty-four hours a day," Mr. Woolley told us when we interviewed him in his office on Centre Street. The Commissioner's biggest concern at the moment is to lay out a program to insure an adequate food supply for the city if any of our regular channels are cut off by enemy attack. He's also, he said, going to continue his predecessor's campaign to establish more public markets and do away with pushcart peddlers. Taking time off from these chores, Mr. Woolley, who looks like *Fortune's* idea of a businessman (and *is*, probably), told us about his past. He was born in Cincinnati, sketchily educated in the public schools and a business college, and went to work as an office boy at the age of sixteen. Then, in 1908, he joined the Fleischmann Yeast Company as a yeast-wrapper. Working with the yeast, he rose rapidly through the posts of shipping clerk, salesman, purchasing agent, and advertising manager until, with the merger of Fleischmann's Yeast, Royal

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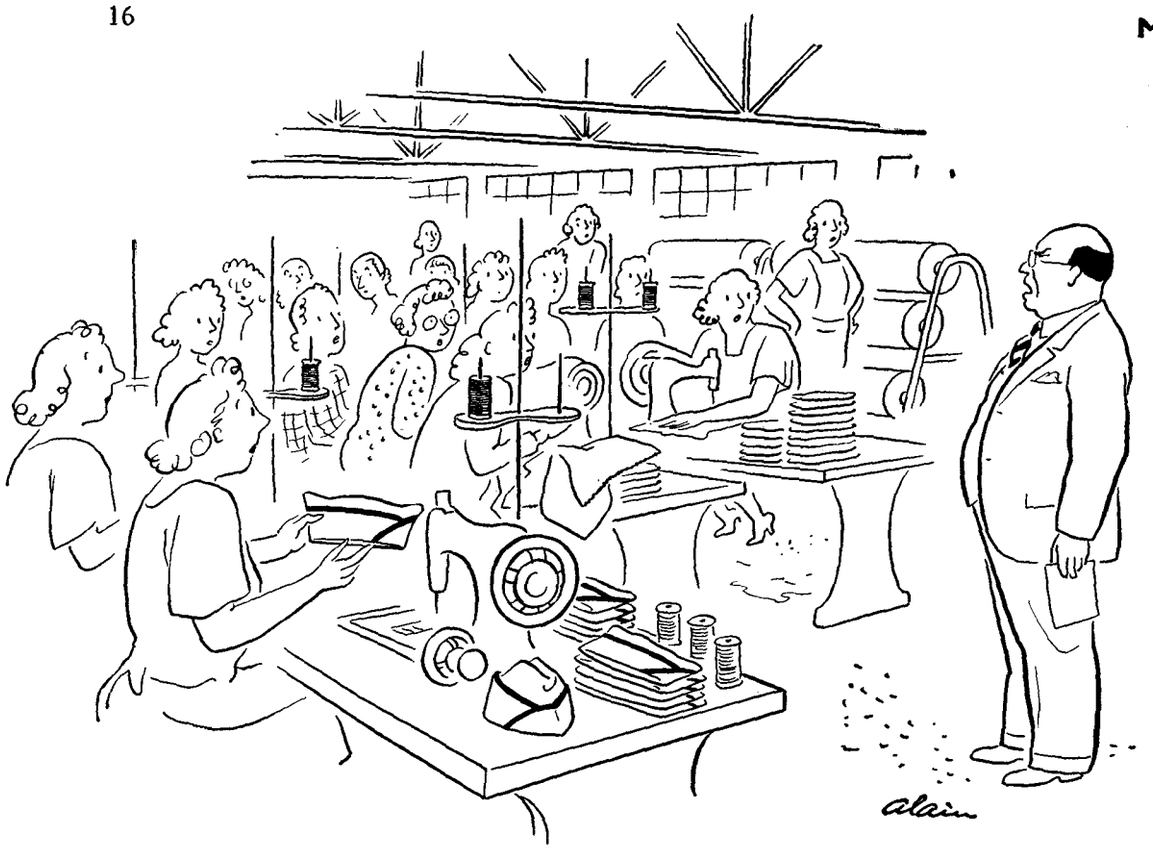

"And one last thing. It has come to my attention that some of you girls have been sewing in your telephone numbers."

• •

Baking Powder, Chase & Sanborn Coffee, and other products under the name of Standard Brands, he became vice-president in charge of sales and advertising. He held this post until his retirement in 1939. The interim between his retirement and his appointment as Commissioner of Markets he filled in by learning sculpture. Last year he exhibited with the Allied Artists and this year at the Alma Reed Galleries. Sculpture is out now, at least for the duration, the Commissioner told us.

We have to thank Commissioner Woolley not only for dated coffee but also for Charlie McCarthy, who plugs it. Matter of fact, Woolley has hired more radio talent than any other one man—Rudy Vallée, Major Bowes, people of that calibre. Before the war he travelled a lot, picking up a love of sculpture and the first pair of Norwegian elkhounds ever brought to this country. He was president of the Norwegian Elkhounds Association and used to breed them on his estate at Locust Valley; now he has given up both the presidency and the hounds to leave his mind free for the responsibilities of his new office. He was recommended to LaGuardia, incidentally, by a man to whom the Mayor first offered the post. After investigation, the Mayor concluded that Woolley was quite a bargain at $10,000 a year, and he would seem to be.

War Strikes Home

AS a sedative for war nerves, an attorney we know carries about with him a clipping from the *Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror:*

NOTICE

Due to increased activity as a member of the Public Safety Committee, Fireman, and a Red Cross First Aid Course to be taken, I will be unable to continue my checker instructions this winter; however, I will still remain in the capacity of player.

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
Instructor-Player

Grog

IT is more or less an axiom in the American Navy that the only way an officer or a seaman can get a drink while at sea is to lapse into such a physical state that the medical officer deems a shot therapeutically necessary, or to drink the alcohol out of the compasses in the lifeboats. In the British Navy, on the other hand, grog is served, as it has been for almost two hundred years. Through a well-informed British naval acquaintance, we have gone briefly into this grog business, which has always struck us as romantic. First, the word is R.N. for a stiffish mixture of Jamaica rum and water which is issued every day at 11 A.M. to every sailor over the age of twenty. Even in submarines, they find a place for enough rum to last out a voyage. At eleven o'clock, when most civilians are still at least two hours from their first drink, a day's ration is drawn from a barrel into the rum tub, a big wooden bucket inscribed with the immemorial toast "The King—God Bless Him." Water is added in a proportion determined by the captain—usually it's two or three to one—and the mixture is doled out to representatives of each mess, who have the responsibility of dividing it up. Each drink—properly called a "tot"—contains one-eighth of a pint of rum. That's for the men. Petty officers get their tot undiluted, and officers must depend on their private stock, which they are by regulations permitted to keep on board.

The word "grog" is encrusted with tradition. Back in 1739, there was a British admiral named Edward Vernon, who became a popular hero by taking the Central American city of Porto Bello from the Spaniards. He had once boasted before Parliament that he could take Porto Bello with only six ships; shortly afterward he was sent off to take Porto Bello with his six ships. He did the job in two days, with a loss of only seven men, and got a rousing reception on his return to London. The crew of his flagship, the Burford, used to call him Old Grog, because of a grogram boat cloak that he wore on the quarterdeck. It was one of Vernon's notions that tropical fevers, then prevalent among British crews in the tropics, might be warded off by the moderate use of alcohol, so shortly after Porto Bello he inaugurated the custom of serving rum-and-water every morning. His men named the drink "grog" in his honor, and the custom of serving it spread through the fleet, finally getting embedded in the naval regulations. Whatever medical science

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might now have to say about grog as a fever preventive, the Royal Navy sticks to Old Grog's recipe, whether the ship is in the tropics or off Iceland.

Early in the nineteenth century a British temperance society raised such a fuss about grog that the regulation concerning it was amended to permit a sailor to accept threepence a day instead of his tot. Today about half the men take their threepence. The proportion is higher since the outbreak of war, some of the new recruits not having acquired a taste for rum before lunch. Sailors have been known to save up their tots and, after a week of abstention, say, have a sevenfold tot with enough power to knock them right on their ear. A man can transfer a tot or tots to a messmate, in return for a favor or to pay a debt. Bartenders here in town say that British sailors show no particular fondness for rum when drinking ashore. The explanation may be that rum is generally a bit more expensive than several other drinks of like strength.

The Mail Goes Through

FOR the extra dish-washing and cleaning-up involved in a big cocktail party, a young couple of our acquaintance are accustomed to engage a Harlem lady named, pleasingly enough, Stella Bones. Miss Bones has no telephone number, and they get in touch with her by letter. Last time they wrote, though, the letter came back stamped "Not Known at This Address." At this point, the couple's regular maid was able to offer a helpful suggestion. In Harlem, she said, it is the custom not to accept mail if a bill-collector is on one's trail. The theory, a dim one at best, seems to be that accepting and opening a bill scores a legal point against the debtor. She suggested putting "This is not a bill" on the envelope and mailing it again. Worked O.K.

Sound Effects

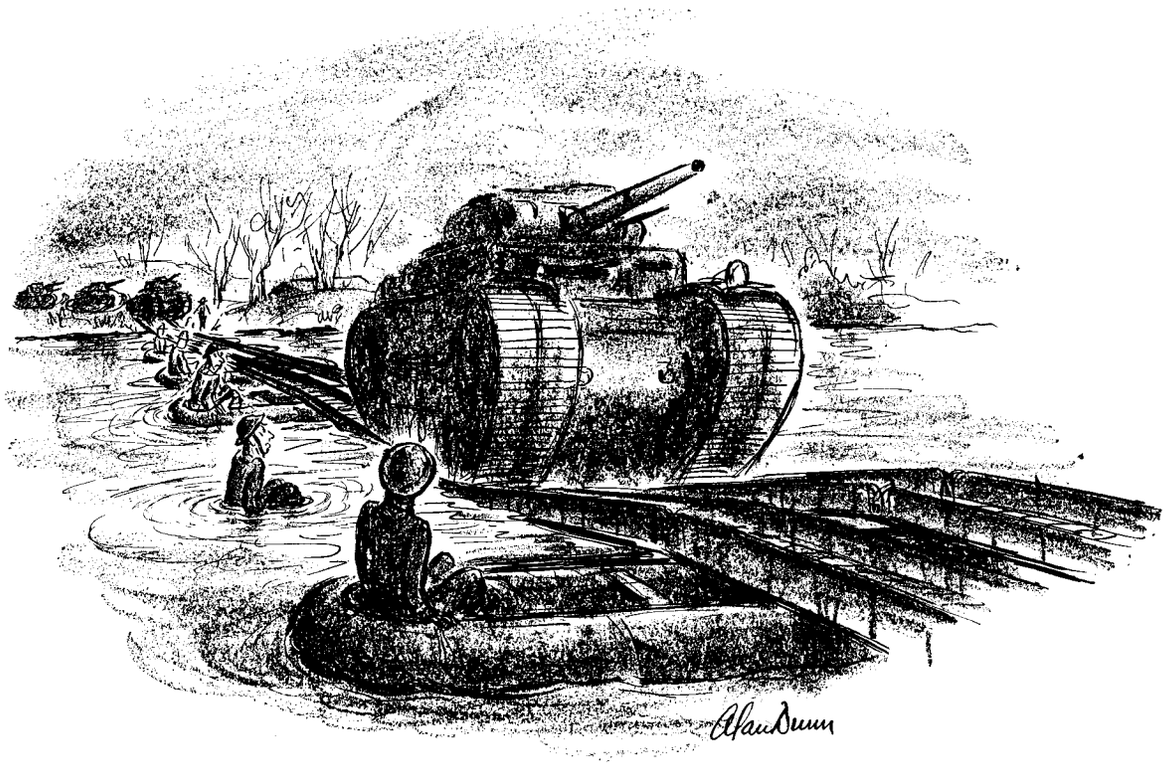
GRAPEVINE reports kept trickling in, a couple of weeks ago, that the production staff of "The Columbia Workshop," a Sunday-afternoon dramatic program emanating from C.B.S., was stumped by a script calling for the sound of two boxers boxing. The sound men had been trying just about everything, the grapevine said, and were pretty nearly ready to give up. Then a late flash came through, to the effect that the problem was solved: C.B.S. had hired two boxers to box in front of a microphone. We arranged to be present at the broadcast, feeling that it might well go down in radio history as the last triumph of natural man over sound machinery.

The play was called "When the Bough Breaks" and was described by the announcer as a psychological drama about a prizefighter. The studio was crawling with prizefighters, or so it seemed—three bona-fide ones in the conventional shorts and any number of actors impersonating prizefighters. Everybody appeared to be in the pink, particularly the actors. The real fighters were all welterweights and were introduced to us as Joey Varoff, Frankie Bell, and Herbie Kronowitz. On the script cue "SOUND: CROSS IN BACKGROUND OF GYMNASIUM NOISES, PUNCHING BAGS, SHOUTS, SOUND OF ROPE BEING SKIPPED, OFF MIKE VOICE SAYING ONE-TWO, ONE-TWO,' " all three went into action, Kronowitz whaling into a punching bag and Varoff and Bell shuffling, snuffling, and slapping each other, with one eye on the director in the control room. They kept it up for several minutes, until, on the cue "STOP BOXING BIZ SHARPLY," the director stopped the bout. Then they put on their sweatshirts and sat down to wait until more boxing biz should be required. Altogether they boxed about three rounds in half an hour.

After the show we had a talk with Varoff and Bell, and found that they were preliminary fighters with about a year's experience, including some Garden bouts. Varoff told us that he was twenty-two times undefeated in pro fights, Bell fifteen times, and Kronowitz sixteen. The boys seemed vastly unimpressed by radio fighting and complained that, all told, they had sparred eight and a half hours, including rehearsals, for a lousy fifteen bucks each. "Look at me sweatin'," Varoff said grumpily. "I could make more in t'ree minutes in the ring. And they didn't even give with our names over the air." Bell was in a similar mood. "We take the beatin' and that guy gets all the glory," he said, indicating the actor who played the hero. So it was. At that very minute a willowy blonde was saying to the actor, "Dick, in that last speech you were really just out of this world!" We left the studio with a definite feeling that the industry is missing Orson Welles.

Embarrassment

A CONNECTICUT matron we know is annoyed and embarrassed by the conduct of her new dog, which stays away from home until she goes out and finds it. This would be bad enough in any case, but the dog is a St. Bernard, and it makes her feel silly to be always on the hunt for a lost St. Bernard. The dog takes it right in his stride, and, inside, may even be laughing.



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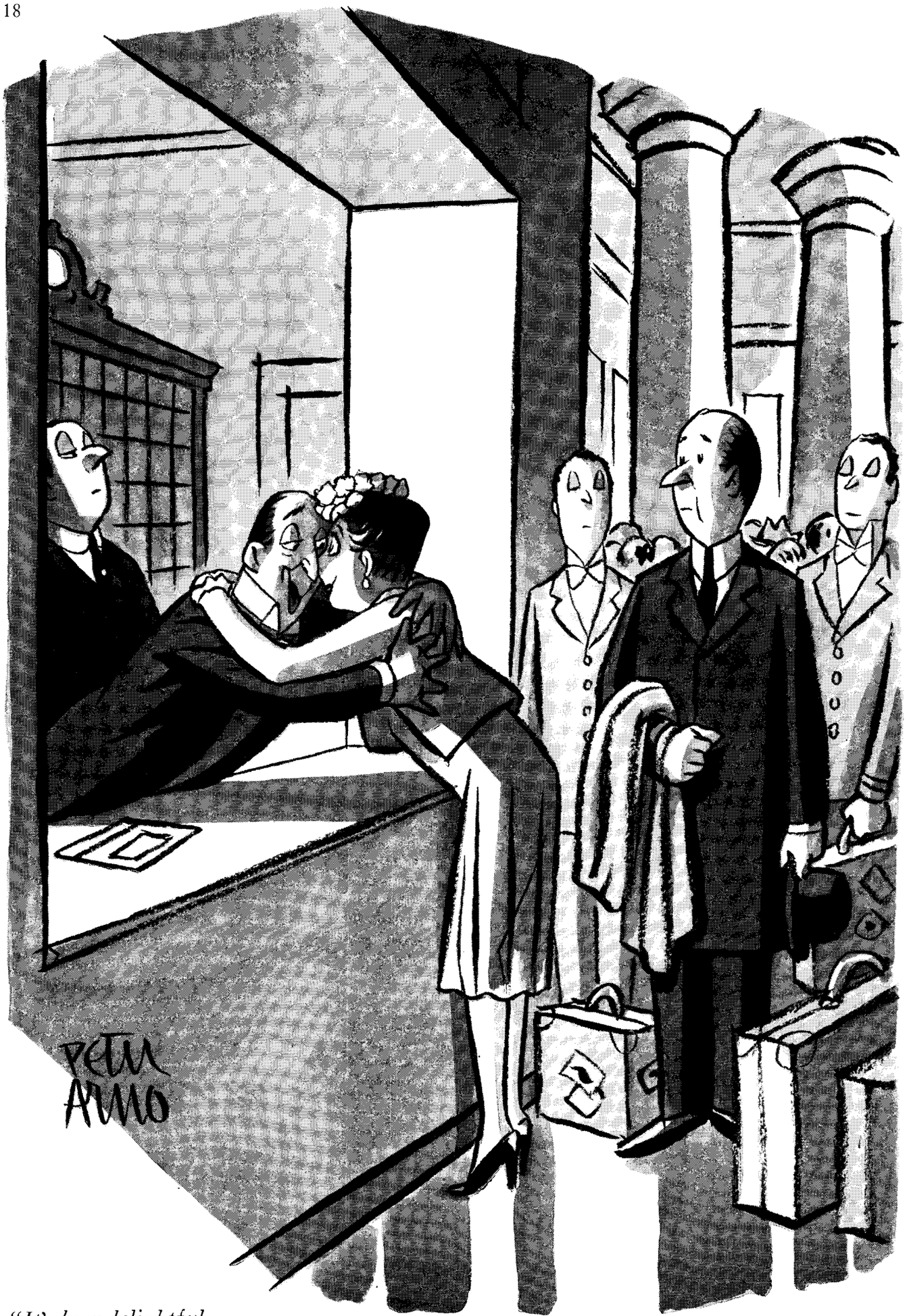

"It's been delightful having you with us, Mrs. Parkhurst."

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HASTINGS IN THE WOODPILE

A LITTLE before five o'clock on a recent winter afternoon, a white man got off a Seventh Avenue bus in the centre of Harlem and walked east on 149th Street, glancing up at the numbers of the brownstone houses on his right. He was tall, rather distinguished-looking, with close-clipped iron-gray hair showing at his temples under a dark Homburg hat. A careful observer would have noticed that the man's overcoat, long and black, was well cut though somewhat worn. If the same observer had made the man take off his overcoat and hat, unbutton his shirt collar, sit down on one of the brownstone stoops, and hold his two feet up in the air, he would have noted as well that the man's suit, like his overcoat, was well cut but far from new, that the sweatband of his hat (an imported one from Brooks Brothers) was old and wrinkled, that his shirt had originally come from Sulka's and was now ragged at the seams, and that his beautiful cordovan shoes had been half-soled. On 149th Street this winter afternoon, however, there was no observer of the sort who used to do that kind of detective work for Dickens and Thackeray. Unmolested, the man walked along, looking at the numbers on the houses.

When he reached a certain brownstone house (the number of which must be discreetly withheld from the reader) he went up to the front door and rang the bell. In a moment a Negro butler opened the door and stood looking at him.

"Schenectady," said the man.

"Dobbs Ferry?" asked the butler, unbending a trifle.

"Poughkeepsie," replied the man.

The butler grinned and stood aside, allowing the man to enter. He took the man's hat and coat and hung them in the hall, then led him down one flight of stairs and into a dining room. "I guess you mus' be hungry, suh," said the butler. "Most of them are sure hungry when they arrive here. If you'll just sit down there at the table, I'll cook you up some scrambled eggs and bacon and you'll feel more comfortable when you talk to the Reverend Dr. Jackson."

THE man sat down at the table and the butler soon placed before him an appetizing platter of eggs and bacon, some warmed-over biscuits with plenty of butter on them, and a steaming cup of black coffee with cream on the side. He rapidly ate the eggs and bacon, finished off the biscuits, and drank the coffee. Then the butler led him back upstairs and showed him into the library of the house, which was the front room on the second floor.

A portly, white-haired colored gentleman, dressed in a morning coat and striped gray trousers, got up from a chair behind a mahogany desk. He bowed and offered his hand. The white man shook it warmly.

"You were sent by Sixty-two, I believe," said the colored gentleman. "I am the Reverend Dr. Jackson." He picked up a typewritten memorandum from his desk and looked at it. "You are Mr. G. Peabody Hastings, executive vice-president of Empiro Corporation, manufacturers of brass house fittings, with headquarters here in New York. Is that correct?"

"It is," replied the caller, who, indeed, was no other than Mr. G. Peabody Hastings.

"Please make yourself comfortable," said Dr. Jackson. "Take that chair there by the fireplace and smoke, if you desire, and we'll get down the facts in your case and then see if we can't do something for you. You'll find cigarettes in that box on the table."

Mr. Hastings smiled gratefully, lit a cigarette, and leaned back in the chair —a great, roomy leather one.

"Now then," said Dr. Jackson, drawing a pad of white paper toward him and taking up a fountain pen from a little marble fountain-pen holder on his desk. "Your income?"

"Twenty thousand a year. It has been the same for the past five years," replied Mr. Hastings.

"Now, in what manner has this income been curtailed? Let us begin with alimony."

"My first wife receives $6,000 a year. My second wife, the same."

Dr. Jackson made a note of these figures. "You are unmarried at present?" he asked.

"Naturally," said Mr. Hastings with a shrug.

"Your income taxes?"

"Federal, $2,851.20. State, $1,270. Total, $4,121.20. Those are the figures for 1940, of course."

"That brings the curtailment up to $16,121.20," said Dr. Jackson, writing on his pad and frowning. "Leaving you $3,878.80, or $74.59 per week. Now, I find that men in your position usually have other unavoidable curtailments. What about insurance?"

"Two $25,000 policies, one for each wife. They cost me $845.76 a year."

"Club dues, et cetera?"

"I've cut out all my clubs except the New York Athletic," said Mr. Hastings. "I considered it imperative to keep up my membership at the New York Athletic because of the business contacts which accrue from it. I have estimated that the New York Athletic costs me at the outside about $500 a year, including bar bills, and I have not been able to see my way clear to giving it up. Members of my board of directors have already dropped several hints concerning my personal appearance, which is on the verge of shabbiness, as you can see, and they were plainly distressed when, after resigning from my country club in Westchester, I also gave up the Racquet Club. My membership in the Racquet Club gave at one time considerable tone to my position in New York." Mr. Hastings hesitated, and a careful observer would have seen that his lower lip trembled ever so slightly.

"I know, I know," said Dr. Jackson. "I fully understand. Have you been able to maintain any sort of general social life at all?"

"Well," said Mr. Hastings, lighting another cigarette, "I still go to dinner parties occasionally, provided I am not asked to escort a lady. I can't afford taxicabs and in my position I naturally could not take a lady to a dinner party on a bus. I leave such dinners early, around ten, usually, in order to be sure that no one goes with me, in which case I might be asked to share the price of a cab or even to foot the whole bill. I travel by bus, or walk. I have a system: if my destination is more than twenty blocks off, I take a bus; if less than twenty blocks, I walk. Rain or shine. I much prefer to be asked to wear a black tie, because dinner clothes last longer than business clothes and my dinner clothes, which I had made for me at D'Andrea in 1928, are still in very good

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condition. If I'm careful when I reach in my coat pocket for a handkerchief, the frayed lining under the pocket flap isn't likely to show, and the broadcloth itself—midnight blue—is only a little bit shiny."

"You live at one of the Allerton hotels, I presume?" asked Dr. Jackson.

"Exactly," said Mr. Hastings. "I have let it be known that I am building a house on Long Island, near Wading River, and for the present am just staying on at the Allerton because it is convenient and so on. But I think my friends and business associates take that story with a grain of salt these days. After all, I have been living at the Allerton for two and a half years now."

"When were you divorced from your first wife?" asked Dr. Jackson.

"Five years ago last month. Then I married again a year and a half later and was divorced a second time a year after that. My second wife and I simply could not make both ends meet. She is a good girl, a very fine woman. But, for that matter, so was my first wife an excellent woman," he went on, his voice rather strident. "It was just that we grew tired of each other and drifted further and further apart and divorce seemed the natural thing."

"Now, what is the situation in regard to your first wife's relatives? I mean to say, has she some well-to-do relatives—uncles, aunts?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Hastings. "She comes from a good, solid Boston family and, as a matter of fact, her mother is still living—very comfortably off."

"Good. And your second wife?"

"Well, she has an uncle, a lawyer, who does pretty well. House in Stamford, four servants, and so on. Bachelor. Very fond of her."

"Excellent. Now, let's see," said Dr. Jackson, picking up his pad. "Your curtailments, including the club dues and expenses, amount to $17,466.96, leaving you $2,533.04, or $48.71 per week. Your weekly hotel bill is—"

"Sixteen dollars. That's without a private bath," said Mr. Hastings.

"Sixteen from forty-eight is thirty-two," said Dr. Jackson.

"Going without cigarettes on the pretext that I have given up smoking," said Mr. Hastings, lighting another cigarette, "I just manage to scrape along, but my health is going to pieces because of the sort of food I eat. I don't mind that so much, but I find it harder and harder to do my work efficiently. I have to try to look as much like a $20,000-a-year man as I can in front of my employees and in front of the members of the board of directors. Have you noticed a little involuntary wiggling of my lower lip? . . . You have? I had hoped it was not noticeable. Well, that wiggling of the lower lip set in when the federal and state taxes began getting really high, taking away the money I had been using for such things as a new shirt once in a while, a steak twice a week, and an occasional single seat to a good Broadway show. I suppose it was self-indulgent of me to go to the theatre, but I have always been fond of it and I found it restored my confidence, relaxed me, and on one occasion actually enabled me, I believe, to bring off a reorganization at the office which required an immense amount of detail work, coupled with considerable

"What I mean is what do you do with yourself all day?"

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inspirational talking to the junior executives. That was when I saw a silly but charming little musical called 'Wake Up and Laugh.' I had to get an orchestra seat, of course, because I couldn't run the risk, in my position, of being seen in the balcony." Mr. Hastings put his forefinger on his lower lip and held it there.

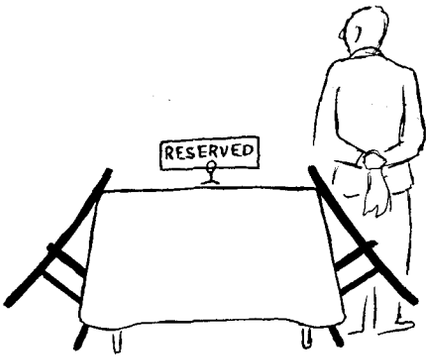
"May I ask where and how you contacted Sixty-two?" asked Dr. Jackson.

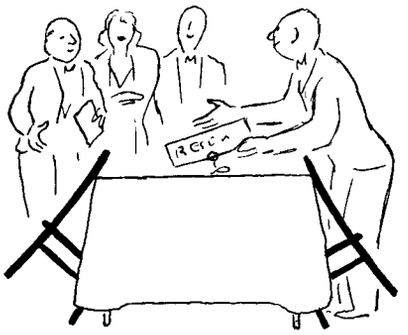
"In front of De Pinna's window," said Mr. Hastings, speaking somewhat indistinctly. "I was looking at a tweed topcoat in the window. I don't know how he divined my predicament, but I saw him watching me for some time, and finally he came up to me and said, 'Are you G. Peabody Hastings, executive vice-president of Empiro Corporation?' I suppose he had followed me from my office, which is in Rockefeller Center. I was rather surprised that this colored gentleman should speak to me that way, but he looked so kind and well intentioned, somehow, that I said yes, that was my name. Then he said, 'I believe you are in serious trouble and I think I can help you.' I was so struck with him and so intensely interested in what he had said that I walked along with him toward Sixth Avenue, down Fifty-second Street, past all those night clubs—I haven't been in one in years—and he told me, briefly, that you might be able to do something for me. He gave me the passwords, 'Schenectady' and 'Poughkeepsie,' and here I am. I must say that I was altogether amazed and"—he smiled at Dr. Jackson—"delighted."

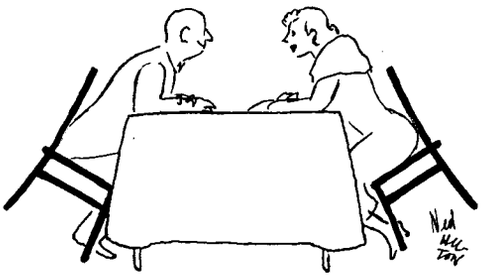
"We do what we can," said Dr. Jackson. "I have not forgotten the plight of my ancestors. I would like to tell you how the movement started and how it is organized, but we believe it best to keep these things entirely underground. Suffice it to say that Sixty-two no doubt learned of your case through the suspicions of some employee at your office—a porter, perhaps. In any case, our people are thoroughly acquainted with the sort of things they are supposed to watch for—the increasing shabbiness of dress, the perplexed expression about the eyes, the tendency of the lip to tremble. . . . Well, now, Mr. Hastings, please don't give up hope. I think—in fact, I am sure—I can do something for you."

MR. HASTINGS took his face out of his hands, in which he had placed it a moment before, and stared at Dr. Jackson.

"With the new federal taxes announced for this year, you won't be able







to go on at all. That's certain," said Dr. Jackson. "You've registered for the new draft, naturally, but there's not a chance in the world that they will take you, with two wives legally dependent on you. Your firm would doubtless be willing to give you a leave of absence with pay if you got a government job in Washington, but if you can't afford to live in New York on your salary you certainly couldn't afford to live in Washington. Nor would the State Department under any circumstances give you permission to leave the country. No, it is clear that the verdict of society in general would be that you should stay right where you are and carry on. That you cannot do, obviously."

Dr. Jackson rose from the desk and came round to Mr. Hastings, who got up and stood waiting, still with his finger on his lip. Dr. Jackson removed his shell-rimmed spectacles, twirled them several times, and put them back on. "Mr. Hastings," he said at last, "yours is not an unusual case and I think I can assure you that we will be able to 'give you a chance,' as we say. There is a truckload of firewood leaving my back door, which is fortunately situated on an alley, in"—he took from his vest pocket a large gold watch and glanced at it—"in about ten minutes. The arrangement isn't too uncomfortable, I understand, once you learn to lie still and not try to turn over on your side. We place the smaller logs over the face in a crisscross fashion, so that you get plenty of air. The truck goes first to Richmond, where you will be taken to our headquarters, and from Richmond on a route is laid out for you straight to the Southwest, by way of New Orleans, into Texas, and over the Mexican border to a remote village in the interior where the Free Men's Legion is being organized. After that you are on your own. I imagine you will be quite useful in the Ordnance Department, if not in a combat unit. The Legion will probably embark for Australia within a month or two—but you must regard that as strictly confidential. You can't tell when the enemy may be trying to gather just such information, you know.

"Getting you out of the country and into the Free Men's Legion is a risky business for us, of course, but we have sympathetic families all along the route to Mexico who are willing to take a chance in helping out a fellow-creature. Personally, when I have fears that I myself will be discovered, and perhaps punished, I look at that portrait over my mantelpiece there and I am inspired to go on with my part of the work, whatever risk it may involve."

Both men raised their eyes and looked up reverently into the stern features of the Reverend Dr. Henry Ward Beecher. Then they shook hands once more, and a few minutes later, tucked snugly under the woodpile, Mr. Hastings was driven off on his way to fight for freedom. —ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

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John Stidham, 22 year old truck driver, is in a critical condition at the Hazard Hospital today with stab wounds in the chest and back received in an altercation on the balcony of the Family theater at 8 o'clock last night.

Unlike the murder of Chloe Roberts which occurred in the balcony of the Virginia Theater two years ago, while a western picture was being shown, the trouble last night was during the showing of a comedy "Charley's Aunt," in which Jack Benny was featured.—*Hazard (Ky.) Herald.*

Different proposition altogether.

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THE PILOTS OF THE R.A.F.

(A Letter to an American)

SO you want to know what the pilots of the R.A.F. are really like? What they think about things? About the war? The peace? Democracy? The Nazis? Air fighting? Life and death in general?

What a pity you didn't write to me some time ago, before I knew any pilots! I could have answered all your questions so easily then. But now I've lived with them day and night for the last six months, I can't answer, directly, at all. You see, there is no such thing as "the pilots." There are Derek, and Harry, and John, and Peter, and the C.O., and Jimmy—all entirely different people. Whatever could be said truly of one would be wildly untrue of another. So I must try to tell you about certain things they do and say and think, and let you judge what they are like for yourself.

How, for instance, do they feel about the men they kill and are killed by—the Nazis? How do they react just after a successful combat?

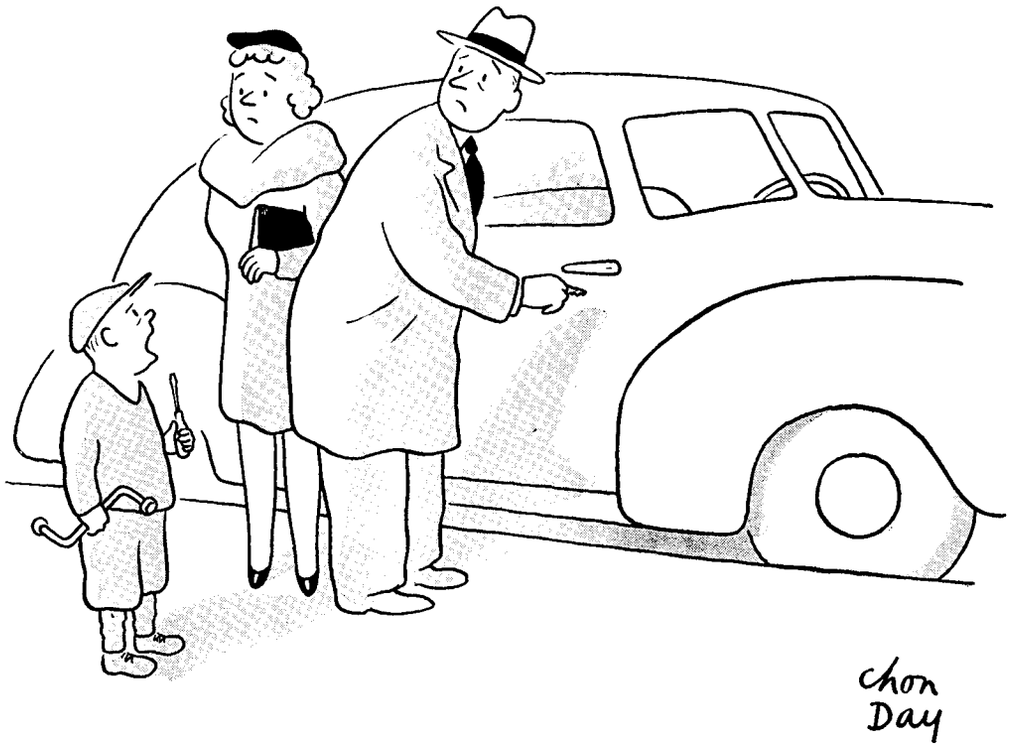
One of our pilots, Harry Brooke, got a J.U. 88 ten days ago. He's a biggish, heavily made, pretty tough sort of chap. He slept in the same room I did in the mess for the first three months I was here. This is a night fighting squadron, and the only officers on deck in the morning are the ground staff—that's the engineer officer and me, the adjutant. Each morning when I got up, Harry had just gone to bed after being "at readiness" all night. At first I was careful not to wake him. You might as well have been careful about waking a wooden statue. He slept, in the hot summer mornings, naked to the waist, with the sheet thrown back, his rather roughly molded limbs spread over the bed, his face still and blank.

Well, last week, in intercepting this J.U. 88, much the fastest and most formidable type of German bomber, he had to chase it sixty miles out over the sea. It was his first combat; however, he closed to two hundred yards without firing, letting the Jerry rear gunner spray him as he came in. Then he touched his firing button. The 88 disintegrated.

There was nothing unexpected in this. No one ever thought Harry would behave any differently in combat. But what was interesting was what he was like when he got back. He's an Army officer, loaned to our service, and son of a colonel in Cheltenham—not, you'd have said, the most imaginative of men. Often pilots seem a bit exultant after a first kill, and with some justification. But Harry just gave in his combat report very quietly and went out of the dispersal hut. Apparently he'd watched the four bodies fall out of the blazing 88. His back, as he walked slowly away by himself, was far more expressive than I have ever seen his face. I liked him a lot at that moment. Not, of course, that Harry wasn't deeply satisfied with what he'd done; he was. We're in a war, and it's them or us. But the pilots, in my experience, never forget to hate war as well as to hate their enemies. In fact, they hate the Nazis precisely because the Nazis have brought war and the worship of war back to the world.

For instance, the squadron leader of this fighter squadron, my C.O., is a very good hater indeed. One day I jumped onto the wing of his aircraft as it came to rest after landing. Just three minutes before he had shot down a big flying boat with five men in it. The C.O. is quick, small, nervous, intelligent, impatient, and yet at that moment his face and, what's more, his hands were quiet and untensed. Only his eyes were hard and his voice cold as he said, "One Dornier 18," as though recording some remote and impersonal observation. But then, that was not his first but his twenty-fifth combat. He's just twenty-five years old, incidentally.

Yes, the C.O. hates the Germans viciously, but if you get any idea from that that he loves war or that some professional "warrior type," exulting in killing and incapable of normal life—some opposite number to the Nazi ideal—is being developed out of the British fighter pilots, then you are a thousand miles out. The C.O. longs for normal, sane existence, for all the small things of peacetime life, for his little sailing yacht, his friends, parties, fun; and he longs much more deeply, of course, for the big things of peacetime, for creative work, for making a mark for himself in the world, for a peacetime career, a home, love, security—for life itself, instead of blank, meaningless death. And, unfortunately, after twenty-five combats, no man so imaginative as he is can retain illusions about the risks he is running. The less experienced pilots don't think about these things so much. Or am I just deceiving myself, comfortably, about that? I don't know.



"Watch your car, Mister?"

ALL our combats do not end successfully, of course. And we cannot know what pilots think at the end of unsuccessful combats. Nor do pilots get killed in combats alone. On both sides the mortality from accidents is serious. After a long spell of good fortune we have recently had several "fatals" at this station. By no means the pleasantest part of an adjutant's duties arises after a "fatal."

On Sunday week, for example, I

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happened to be station-duty officer; that means that at six-thirty in the evening you have a bed brought into station headquarters and sleep by the telephone. My C.O. was giving me a lift over to headquarters in his car; we were bowling round the perimeter track, the broad metalled road that goes the whole way round the boundary of an aerodrome, when one of our pilots rushed up and stopped us.

"Someone's spun in!" he shouted, pointing. "Looks like a Hurricane." (We are a Hurricane squadron.) Then we saw the sinister column of smoke. The C.O. jumped out and popped into the dispersal hut. I followed him in. He was telephoning to Opps (Operations). "Is that a Hurricane that's hit the deck?" Presumably Opps didn't know. The C.O. said, "I'll go and see." He jumped up, calling to his crew, "Start up 'A,'" pulled his cumbrous parachute from his locker, but didn't bother with his helmet. He was out to "A," into the cockpit, had taxied into the wind, and was air-borne almost before I got back to the car. A minute or so after he roared off we saw him in a shallow dive over the burning wreck. He circled it once or twice, then back he came, landed, taxied in, hopped out, and bustled over to the dispersal hut. He said, "Looks bloody like a Hurricane to me, but it's so damned smashed, might be anything. Didn't stay long—ammunition and Very lights popping off all round it. There's a parachute open right beside it. Didn't see a bod [body]; someone may have bailed."

I went on to station headquarters. In a little while the reports began to come in. From the aerodrome control office: "No, not a Hurricane." "You're sure?" "Yes, that's definite gen [information]." I felt a lift of relief. One is very parochial; a "fatal" to your squadron is far worse than any other. Aerodrome control office again: "It's the experimental machine." "Oh, that thing." "The rear gunner bailed all right; the pilot didn't." "Who was he?" "Drage." "Squadron Leader Drage?" "Yes." I hadn't really known Drage. But I had heard him talking to someone over coffee after lunch that day in the mess. He was talking about Vichy. "Yes," he had said, "I used to go there before the war. Drank the waters—liver trouble. Hereditary. Funny to think of the place now."

What about the rear gunner who bailed? I rang up sick quarters. "Is that the Duty M.O.? . . . Have you any news of this rear gunner who bailed from the crash? The Station Commander will want a report. . . . Oh, he's with you now? Is he all right? . . . I should imagine he *would* be shaken. Is he well enough for me to speak to him or not? . . . He is. Sure? Then I will, if you're certain it won't hurt him." A pause, a new voice, husky and tired, as if the speaker had been on a long journey. "This is Sergeant Haning, sir. . . . Yes, 'H' for Harry, 'a' for apple—no, not 'm' for mother, 'n' for no one—'i-n-g.' Got it? . . . Yes, I can give you a report for the Station Commander. . . . No, not a bit." The voice became more formal. "At approximately 18:30 hours we had carried out R.T. tests. The pilot then told me to fasten my Sutton harness [this harness straps pilots and observers into their seats], as he was going to test the stalling speeds. We were at eight thousand feet. The pilot stalled the aircraft twice; each time it had a tendency to spin, which he corrected. He then stalled a third time and the aircraft went into a right-handed spin. Almost immediately the pilot instructed me to bail out. I prepared to

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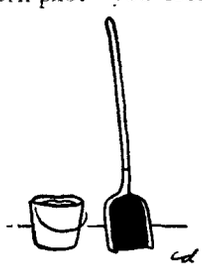
do so, but in attempting to open the escape hatch, the grip of my hand on it was torn off by negative G. [This is the intense centrifugal force, or gravity reversed, set up by a spinning aircraft. It is negative G, in a spin, or positive G in a dive, which causes pilots to black out by draining the blood from their brains.] I was thrown against the side of the aircraft and knocked out. When I came to again, the aircraft was still spinning and had lost height to one thousand feet. I succeeded in getting through the escape hatch and jumped. I pulled the rip cord immediately. My parachute opened. I saw the aircraft rush past immediately below me, strike the ground, and break up. I landed without injury about thirty yards from it. I released the parachute and went to the aircraft. I could see S. L. Drage's head and shoulders in the wreckage. I reached him and pulled at his shoulders and saw he was dead. Then I left the aircraft, as it had caught fire and ammunition was beginning to explode." A pause. "That's all, I think." "Thanks very much," I said. "I'll tell the Station Commander at once." "Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

THIS autumn and winter have, as you know, been a relatively quiet time for the home-based R.A.F.—a time of intensive growth, experiment, training, practice. And believe me, it takes unremitting practice to learn how to use the endless new scientific devices which descend on the pilots these days. Somebody has said that the modern pilot must have the spirit, nerve, and dash of a cavalry officer and the care and perseverance of a professor of physics. That's a combination not easily come by. Moreover, they must have a lot of sheer technical virtuosity—above all, of course, in night flying. Two or three of our most experienced pilots were talking about it the other night. One of the new pilots, day- but not night-trained, had asked the simple question "But how do you land a Hurricane at night?" At that, the C.O. and the other old hands suddenly realized that they didn't know. "Well, sir," I said to the C.O., "after all, you *must* know. You do it several times every night!"



The C.O. said, "No, I don't. How would *you* do it? You've got to bring an aircraft onto ground that you can't see at a little under a hundred miles an hour without hitting hard enough to bend anything. Do you know how *you* do it?" he said, turning to Derek.

"No idea, sir. I wonder if I shall, every time."

"So do I, Derek. So do I," said the C.O.

REALLY, about the only generalization which one can make about pilots is that they are quite exceptionally nice. They are simpler, more direct, more honest, with less afterthoughts, less self-seeking, than the rest of us. They are young and sometimes callow, and on the surface their manners are often bad, but most of them have that ultimate kind of good manners which expresses sensitivity of heart.

A week or so ago a pilot with one arm, a stranger to this station, came into the mess. One or two people chatted with him. But a missing arm is a noticeable thing, and we all knew that no one could be perfectly at his ease until it had been mentioned. I listened, wondering if someone would mention it, and if so, how. In a minute or two Derek said, nodding slightly at the empty sleeve, "How did you have the bad luck to lose it?" Of course, it's all a question of expression and tone of voice. It was done so well that it succeeded in exactly expressing what we all felt.

"Hit by a 109 [Messerschmitt 109, a German fighter] on a sweep," said the pilot.

Derek said, "Cannon shell, I suppose?" The pilot nodded.

"Did it hurt much?"

"Not a lot at the time. But then you look at it. You can't believe it's you. And then you feel sick."

"I say, are you flying?"

"Yes, but they won't let me be operational till I get a tinners [a metal artificial limb]."

"How on earth do you manage the controls on a Hurricane?"

"Just reach over—and they've put in some mods [modifications] for me."

"Will a tinners help?"

"I shouldn't think so, but it'll satisfy *them*."

I HAVE recently had the opportunity to see, and, what's more, hear, fired the guns with which the latest types of British fighter aircraft are equipped. It's quite an experience. I've seen and heard them fired at ground targets. And, from another aircraft, I've seen them fired into targets on the sea. The most remarkable din of all is made by the Hurricane which carries twelve machine guns. We watched a Polish pilot firing at a ground target about three hundred and fifty yards away from us. He came by us in a very long, shallow dive, and when he pressed his button the noise sounded like the chatteration of all the monkey houses in all the zoos in all the world. Not extraordinarily loud but incredibly mad, out of control, demoniac. My squadron is equipped with Hurricanes which carry no machine guns at all but four cannon instead, which fire streams of explosive shells. These four-cannon-carrying fighter aircraft are fantastic weapons, themselves projectiles, powered with twelve hundred horsepower and capable of between three hundred and four hundred M.P.H., which in turn shoot out a stream of other projectiles. Already my friends are sinking small ships with them, blowing up gun positions, and so on. When new, larger, faster, better-armored fighter aircraft are turned out—and they are on the way—will anything in the world, on sea or land, be able to stand up to them? I very much doubt it. Warfare may well resolve itself into a struggle between fighter aircraft, and the side whose fighters survive will be able to destroy every other weapon and resource—bombers, ships, tanks, industries, artillery—possessed by the other.

Well, what about the fellows who alone can operate these fighter aircraft, which are the highest, deadliest concentrations of power that have ever fallen into the shaky hands of men? There they are, a few thousand young Englishmen, a few thousand young Germans, roughly the same number of young Russians and young Americans. The hands which touch those controls and firing buttons have at their command more sheer power, more capacity for enforcing their wills on others, than any other hands have ever held before. What are the owners of those hands like? What, if anything, will they do with their omnipotence?

The young Nazi pilots and the young Russian pilots we pretty well know about, I think. They are firmly gripped and held by the ideologies of their respective states. That accounts for them. They are fixed quantities, as it were, and until and unless the ultimate breaking point is reached will not behave unexpectedly. But what about the British and American pilots? What do they believe in? What are the mainsprings and sources of their actions? What makes them fight? What are they willing to die for?

I can, of course, offer an opinion

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"If there are any of those deductions I'm not entitled to, don't hesitate to say so."

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only in respect to the British pilots. It is this: To judge by what they say, and even more by what they don't say, you would suppose that our democratic ideology, such as it is—our "ism"—had not the slightest meaning for them. The fact is they never mention it. But if you judge by what they do, then you can only suppose that they are ready to die for it. The explanation must be that our Western, democratic, half-formed world outlook is so deeply a part of them that they need neither reflection nor articulate words in order to know that when it is threatened with destruction it has to be defended with all we have. For this is what these pilots do. They will not fail us and our world —so long as we do not fail them by giving them impossible tasks or by so debasing the efficiency, social unity, and general probity of our world that it becomes indefensible.

—Flying Officer John Strachey

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PROFILES

LEPRECHAUN ON THE PALISADES

John Marin

THIS winter, John Marin, at the age of seventy-one, established a local record when he gave his twenty-ninth annual show of water colors at the art gallery of Alfred Stieglitz, which is called An American Place. This long succession of Marin shows, held war or peace, was interrupted only once—from 1918 to 1922—when Stieglitz was ill and temporarily retired from business. Marin's first water-color exhibition in New York was held in the spring of 1909, when he shared a two-man show with the late Alfred Maurer. Stieglitz's gallery, now a bare, loftlike place on the seventeenth floor of an office building at 509 Madison Avenue, was then on the top floor of an old brownstone mansion at 291 Fifth Avenue. It was at that time called the Photo-Secession Gallery, but was better known as 291. Marin's little eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch aquarelles seemed to light up the gallery with brilliant color, just as they do today. Stieglitz was of course there in the background, as he is now, moving about restlessly and upbraiding anyone who couldn't see that Marin was the greatest American water-colorist since Winslow Homer. Marin, in a risky profession, has gone on for over three decades producing his water colors and holding his shows under the wing of Stieglitz, while his now seventy-eight-year-old sponsor, though never accepting an agent's commission for selling any picture, has throughout this period served as his agent, and the names of the two old men have become almost inseparable.

Although the annual Marin show has for years been a New York institution, the impact of the painter's sustained performance was probably not fully felt by the art public until the retrospective Marin exhibition opened in October, 1936, at the Museum of Modern Art. Few people believed that a one-man show of Marin's water colors could carry the huge rooms of a place like the Museum of Modern Art. There has always been a tendency to regard water colors as less "important" than frescoes or oils; they have been considered, at best, a delicate sort of chamber music in paint. Marin, one of the critics wrote after the opening of the Modern Museum show, had "at last taken water color out of the embroidery class." Another critic called him "the Beethoven of water color." The effect of the large, representative selection from Marin's lifework was, almost everyone agreed, dramatic. He seldom repeated himself. His pictures were varied in style, ranging from the subdued, Whistlerlike works of the early nineteen-hundreds, through the violent city and seascape abstractions of his middle period, to the more recent lyrical, classically simple studies which deal with what Marin calls "the big, elemental forms of ships, sky, seas, mountains, plains." The pictures he painted as he approached seventy showed no less skill than those he did when he was forty. In his early days, Marin had had to depend upon Stieglitz and a tiny circle of disciples for aesthetic support and upon three or four devoted collectors for patronage. But twenty thousand visitors turned up at the Modern Museum show and plainly enjoyed themselves among his zigzagging "enclosure forms," his dancing white sailboats, and his rich green seas and ultramarine skies. Some admirers likened Marin's water colors to those of the Chinese masters of a thousand years ago, and others predicted that he would become as famous as the ancient Japanese water-colorist Hokusai, who painted until he was almost a hundred years old.

MARIN's triumphs as an artist have been in some degree the triumphs of his dealer. It is Stieglitz who has decided how Marin's pictures should be hung in a show and who has determined what prices should be charged for them and whether a painting should be disposed of for $150 or $200 to a poor but deserving art-lover or for $2,500 to a museum or a rich collector. Marin has implied that at times Stieglitz has even been something of a Svengali. While on a vacation in Maine, Marin once wrote to his dealer, "I think of you sitting there a-wishing me good works."

Nor has Stieglitz gone out of his way to make it easy for the public to buy Marin's pictures. Although Marin has painted over a thousand water colors, when a prospective buyer comes into An American Place and asks the price of one, Stieglitz generally says, somewhat belligerently, that they are priceless. But, the buyer may protest, water colors, as everyone knows, are done in only a few hours or at most a couple of days. Stieglitz answers, "It took Marin forty years to learn how to do these things." He usually goes on to tell about how poor and lonely Marin used to be and what sacrifices he made to paint his pictures. He also refers, with some feeling, to the sacrifices he himself has made in backing Marin. The important point, he then explains, looking the visitor over suspiciously, is not the price but whether the prospective buyer is "worthy" of owning a picture by Marin. At first the visitor usually retreats, frightened by Stieglitz's menacing rhetoric. Often, however, he does not give up the idea of owning a Marin and ends by paying a high price.

The art merchants of Fifty-seventh Street have for a long time disapproved of both Stieglitz and Marin, and especially of the agent's exasperating methods of salesmanship, or non-salesmanship. These dealers, who often rate paintings by their area, find it hard to understand how such a clever old man as Stieglitz can spend all his time talking about a fellow who produces little, eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch aquarelles. Yet, while many of the more businesslike galleries have gone broke, the evangelical Stieglitz, who claimed to be fighting for ideas and against money, has ended up by registering an enviable commercial success for his protégé. Marin's water colors, which sold at $40 or $50 in 1909, now ordinarily bring $1,000 to $2,500, and occasionally go for more.

During the last thirty years, Stieglitz and his disciples have spun some remarkable legends around Marin. They have pictured the artist as a recluse, something like the fantastic, vision-haunted Albert Ryder, or as a shy, half-tame child of nature like Thoreau, fleeing cities and art collectors, living in the solitude of deep woods or bold headlands along the Maine coast. Now he was a fanatical fisherman, now a hunter flitting through the woods like an Indian, now a complete leprechaun. In 1922, Ernest Haskell, the painter, a friend of Marin, wrote for an art magazine an

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account of how the water-colorist lived alone on a wild and wonderful promontory on the Maine coast, clambering out on dangerous ledges to paint above the roaring sea. "Once," wrote Haskell, "I found him painting on the limb of a tree, high up, painting with both hands. He is ambidextrous." Other friends gave equally bizarre reports of how Marin, a prodigy of Nature, painted almost automatically. Paul Rosenfeld, the art and music critic, said that great works came to Marin as naturally "as buds to the stalk, as breasts to the young girl."

All these alarming reports were at least partially supported on the rare occasions when people actually caught a glimpse of Marin. On the opening day of his show at the Modern Museum, for instance, he edged in quietly, said little, and stayed only a few minutes. He is a small, slender man with unusually long, fine hands. He has probably the longest hair of any contemporary American artist; it hangs down almost to his shoulders in back and falls into bangs over his forehead. That day he had on a high, starched, Berry Wall collar and an untied necktie that was simply held together by a pearl stickpin. The rest of his costume had an old-fashioned elegance. His face was a deep, weather-beaten brown, covered with a crosswork of fine wrinkles; from under his thick bangs his piercing black eyes looked out warily. People gaped at him as if he were an apparition. Marin's old friends say that his face had the appearance of a puckered winter apple even when he was half his present age.

AT times, Marin's friends have kidded him about his craving for seclusion. His reply has always been, "I was born a wallflower." He is inclined to be afraid, almost distrustful, of strangers. Once, however, he is convinced that he is not being taken for a fool, he becomes warmly and winningly communicative. He talks in a rather tart, matter-of-fact way and in a vernacular that dates back to about 1900. His favorite exclamations are "Crackerjack!" and "High cockalorum!" He admits that he avoids crowds, but he denies that he is a wild man of the woods. Except for summers in Maine, he has spent most of his life near New York. He was born within sight of the Manhattan skyline, across the Hackensack Meadows in Rutherford, spent much of his youth in Weehawken, and for the last twenty-five years has lived in Cliffside, atop the Palisades, overlooking Manhattan.

Cliffside, which lies just north of Weehawken, is a typically drab middle-class suburb of New York. There Marin lives with his wife—they have a twenty-seven-year-old son who has just gone into the Coast Artillery—in a small, seven-room cottage on a street that looks just like hundreds of other streets in suburban New Jersey. There is one tree in the back yard and a garage containing a 1941 Packard coupé. "No flivver for me!" said Marin one day after Stieglitz had sold a couple of his pictures at high prices. In a similar burst of extravagance he once bought himself a Steinway grand piano. The Marin home is crowded with Early Colonial reproduction furniture and Victorian knickknacks and incongruously embellished by the artist's own water colors, which hang on every wall. Marin himself, unlike his pictures, fits naturally into this homely American suburbiana.

Marin has confided to friends that he is occasionally afflicted with dark moods, those of a "drooping, wet-winged, nameless sort of fowl," but in the very next breath he has spoken of himself as a "shouting, spread-eagle American." He has insisted that in art he is really "conservative and belongs to tradition" and not to any modern school. He doesn't like art colonies or arty people. He worries a bit because some members of the Stieglitz coterie treat him as a Mystic Force or as something invented by Stieglitz. Like a sound middle-class citizen, he thinks that his agent's talk of struggle and sacrifice for art and beauty can be overdone. "You sacrifice for me, I sacrifice for you—that's all rot!" he exclaims. He also thinks some people take too religious an attitude toward painting. Offhand about his own pictures, he sometimes tosses a batch of

"Why, I thought they had frozen all you people."

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them in a heap on the floor of his studio as if they were old shoes. His studio was made by combining two bedrooms and cutting extra windows out of one wall of the cottage. It is a litter of cigarette ends, paints, and water-color sketches which he has thrown in chests and closets and underneath the furniture. On the walls he tacks scraps of paper bearing scribbled reminders to himself, telephone numbers, quotations of verse, and solitary, evocative words, like "Revelation" or "Rightness." He is convinced that a word can help him recall a transient mood or sensation. When a visitor to the studio approaches his pictures too reverently, Marin is likely to pick one up and say, "What's important about it? Maybe the artist who painted the man who walks a mile for a Camel is more important."

He is more than moderately absent-minded. In addition to forgetting most of his appointments, he is likely not to remember where he put his paints and brushes. Once he even forgot to take his easel along on a sketching trip. Mrs. Marin considers it one of her duties to remind him, gently, of the things he has forgotten. Often, before he goes out, he lets her inspect his clothes and pat his collar down. His wife, his friends, and, above all, Stieglitz have tended to assume a protective attitude toward him. Whereas everyone worries about him, he worries about little except whether he will have a bright day for painting.

In 1914, Marin had his first prosperous season at Stieglitz's gallery. Stieglitz turned about $2,000 over to him, saying he hoped it would see him through a couple of years. In those days Marin and his wife used to rent a fisherman's cottage for the summer somewhere on the Maine coast for as little as five dollars a month. Their other expenses were not high, because they practically lived on fish. That summer he went up to Maine in June and did not return to New York until October. Then he told Stieglitz, not without embarrassment, that his money was just about gone. Under prodding, he confessed that he had spent half of it to buy an island off the coast, in Casco Bay. It was a desolate place, completely rock and sand. He had always wanted to live on an island, so when he heard that this one was for sale at $1,000, he had tossed a coin to decide whether or not to buy it —heads he would, tails he wouldn't— and heads had turned up. He named his prize Marin Island. Stieglitz didn't care what he had named it. It was wartime, business looked bad, and Marin was an expectant father. "Has the island any water on it?" Stieglitz asked. "No," said Marin, "but I didn't find that out until I had bought it." Stieglitz by now was in extreme pain. To soothe him, Marin drew his portfolio out from under his arm. He had put in a busy summer and had brought back the astounding number of a hundred and twenty water colors. Three of the pictures, of Marin Island, were quickly sold to the late John Quinn, collector of modern art, for about the price of the island, so Marin figured that his venture in real estate had been quite shrewd. He still owns the island and occasionally paints it, but, owing to its aridity, he has never tried to live on it.

Shortly after making this investment, Marin, who painted almost all of his water colors on a particularly fine English handmade paper of a kind that was no longer being produced, heard of a paper dealer who had a stock of a thousand sheets he wanted to close out for $600. Marin thought it was the best paper in the world for water colors, but this time he consulted Stieglitz. "I'd buy it if it took my last dollar," said Stieglitz. So Marin, estimating that the thousand sheets would keep him going indefinitely, spent his last dollar. He still has a small supply. Less provident water-colorists claim that Marin's paper accounts for some of the brilliance of his pictures.

MARIN speaks of his childhood and youth as a blank, frustrated period. He matured slowly, and for the

DO, DO, DO WHAT YOU DONE, DONE, DONE BEFORE BEFORE BEFORE

There is a man whose name must be, I think, Mr. Oglethrip, and if you will
bring me his head on a silver charger, I will award you the hand of
my daughter and a lien on my future salary.
And nobody has ever seen him, but when you go to an amateur performance of
any kind he is always sitting in the upper left-hand corner of the
gallery,
And he has the hands of a blacksmith and a heart full of enthusiasm,
And compared to the rest of the audience, well, Mr. Oglethrip is not as chusiasm,
Because seasoned amateur-performance attenders generally weigh their applause
carefully, so as not to be either a spendthrift or a hoarder,
Because unless the performers of any number are your grandmother or your
favorite cousin or something, your aim is to applaud just enough to
not hurt their feelings and not enough to induce them to duplicate
the order.
And some girl who once handed you a cup of cocoa at a church supper appears
and renders an imitation of Fanny Brice imitating Gertrude
Lawrence,
And your applause preserves the delicate balance between ecstasy and abhorrence,
And she is just about to resign the stage to the next performer and everything
is as right as a couple of trivets
When hark! What is that thunder in the upper left-hand corner of the gallery?
Can Mr. Oglethrip be driving rivets?
No, but he is clapping his horny hands with the effect of a gargantuan ruler
inserted into a gargantuan electric fan, and before you can say
Gadzooks,
Why, the cocoa girl is back with an imitation of Gertrude Lawrence imitating
Baby Snooks.
Mr. Oglethrip's cup has no brim;
Mr. Oglethrip is he to whom what is too much for anybody else is never enough
for him.
If Mr. Oglethrip heard Will Hays sing "Trees,"
He would want a reprise.
Do you know a picture program that Mr. Oglethrip would find simply peachy?
A double bill in which each picture contained a dual rôle for Don Ameche.
I think it would be nice
If, when you cut off Mr. Oglethrip's head to bring to me on a silver charger,
you would cut it off twice.

—OGDEN NASH

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first thirty years of his life everything and everybody, including all his relatives, seemed to be conspiring to keep him from being a painter. On his mother's side he is descended from a family of Loyalists named Currie, who left Peekskill, New York, for Canada during the Revolutionary War and didn't return until around 1830. His paternal grandfather was a native of Paris who arrived in New Jersey in the early nineteenth century. Marin's mother died when he was nine days old. His father, a textile merchant, soon afterward sent his infant son away to be brought up in the home of an uncle on a farm in Delaware. Not long after, his father remarried. Marin saw him infrequently from that time on. After several years Marin went to live with two maiden aunts, the Misses Currie, in a big house in Weehawken. His childhood, he feels, was lonely and rather miserable. He recalls, for instance, that on the farm in Delaware he had many fights with his cousins. "They were bigger. They would get the best of me, and I would run away to the woods, where I would do some sketching." He had begun to draw as soon as he was old enough to use a pencil.

"S-a-a-y, I just happened to think. When <u>this</u> war is over we'll probably draw <u>another</u> bonus."

• •

Later on, in the house in Weehawken, he was usually either alone or with his elders. It was a strait-laced, old-fashioned Yankee household. On rainy days he stayed indoors reading Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales or copying an Audubon print. There were woods all along the Hudson then, and he roamed every foot of the Palisades in his neighborhood. Once he told his father and his aunts that he would like to be an artist when he grew up, and they were shocked. "They made hellish faces," he recalls. "It was like the thought of having an actress in the family."

Marin attended public school, then Stevens Preparatory, and after that Stevens Institute of Technology for a year. When he was about twenty, his father, who wanted him to be a practical fellow, got him a job selling notions, dresses, and buttons for a wholesaler. After two notably unsuccessful years he went to work in an architect's office and tried seriously to become an architect. He remained there for four years, during which he felt that nobody in his office was paying any attention to him, and then left. For a while he worked at odd jobs and occasionally, as a free lance, did some drafting for architects. His father and his aunts helped support him. In his free time he wandered off by himself on sketching tours around the harbor or in Connecticut.

WHEN Marin was nearly thirty he was still receiving an allowance from his father and his aunts, and he was scarcely regarded as a success by his family. In 1899, he was permitted to go to Philadelphia to study art at the Pennsylvania Academy. He stayed there for two years and received considerable encouragement from his teachers. Then he came to New York to study for a year at the Art Students' League. In 1905, he went to Paris, where he remained for most of the next six years. One of the periodic art revolutions was going on in Paris when he arrived. The various schools and groups were quarrelling about Cézanne, the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists, and the Primitives. Marin paid little attention to the controversy. He attended an art school for only two months and went to the Louvre just twice, having a dislike of museums. He was older than most of the other American art students in Montparnasse and cut fewer capers than they did. Mostly he moved about alone on sketching trips in the country near Paris or in Holland or Italy, following the line of his own ideas. For recreation he played billiards or drank beer at the Dôme with one of his few acquaintances, usually Arthur Carles, a classmate at the Pennsylvania Academy, or Edward Steichen, whom he met through Carles.

If Marin had any artistic idol at this time, it was Whistler. Marin went in for descriptive and atmospheric etchings of quaint old churches, canals, and street scenes in Paris or Amsterdam or Venice

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"No, it's not for Bundles for Britain. Guess again."

• •

in the Whistler manner. Two Paris dealers acted as his agent for this work. On the side he did water colors, for which there was no market. One day Steichen, who in this period of his career was devoting half his time to painting and half to experiments in color photography, berated Marin for using too much gray in his aquarelles and gave him some bright primary colors. Marin not only used them but began to experiment in his etchings, too, using a bolder, freer line that came to him "by accident," an accident that he managed to repeat with some frequency. At the same time he began to consume a little more beer and stay out a little later nights. One of his dealers finally informed him that he would either have to cut out the "wild stuff" in his etchings or go somewhere else with them. From then on Marin kept his etchings quiet but cut loose in his water colors, figuring that nobody would mind, since nobody wanted to buy them anyway.

It was through Steichen that Marin's pictures came to the attention of Stieglitz and were exhibited in New York early in 1909. Stieglitz had only recently, as a sideline to photography, opened his non-profit art gallery. Visiting Paris that summer, he called on Marin at his studio. The two men—Marin shy and silent, Stieglitz aggressive and garrulous—took to each other from the start. Stieglitz was indignant when he learned of Marin's difficulties with the dealers. He offered to handle all the "wild" pictures Marin wished to paint. "I was a little frightened myself at what I had promised to do," Stieglitz recalled afterward. Marin thus became a life member of Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery, along with Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and, somewhat later, Charles Demuth and Georgia O'Keeffe, the group of advance-guard American artists for whom Stieglitz has carried on a relentless one-man crusade.

IN 1909, Marin came to New York for several months, making 291 his headquarters. Stieglitz was eager to encourage artists who in his opinion had left Victorianism behind and were responding to the changing character of the modern world. New York was in a ferment; skyscrapers and bridges were going up and weird African masks and the early Cubist paintings of Picasso were putting in their appearance at 291. It was in New York that the late-blooming Marin began to react to the ultra-modern influences in painting which seemed to be lost on him when he was in Paris. Marin began to look at his work in a new way, searching for the "inner structure" of the subject matter of his painting rather than for merely pleasing or picturesque patterns that told a story. It is significant that before he returned to Paris, he had, with Stieglitz's blessing, decided on doing a series of water colors of the new downtown skyscrapers. He was going to be an American, painting American things. The next year Marin came back to America, which he has never left again.

Now his pictures took on a new, almost violent quality. A series of water colors he did of the Woolworth Building, exhibited by Stieglitz in April, 1913, were considered fairly frenzied by a public that had not yet become hardened to such things. Marin, in the free-verse foreword he wrote for this show's catalogue, said that he had tried to make the buildings of New York seem alive and not just a lot of dead stone and steel. "I can hear the sound of their strife," he said, "and there is great music being played." The buildings in the pictures actually seemed to dance and reel about. When Cass Gilbert, the ponderous and distinguished architect of the Woolworth Building, visited 291 to see Marin's studies of his masterpiece, he bolted out of the gallery, muttering to himself. Marin and Stieglitz were derided by the art critics, and Stieglitz, as always, fought back. Marin's aged father, who felt personally disgraced by his son's new tendencies, went to Stieglitz with his complaints. "Why," he asked, "can't John do those sensible etchings of his in the morning and those wild water colors in the afternoon?" "Mr. Marin," Stieglitz replied, "you go back and ask your wife if she can be a prostitute in the morning and a virgin in the afternoon." "What a thought!" the elder Marin exclaimed, and left hurriedly. Despite a certain amount of carping in academic art circles, Stieglitz succeeded in making some sales to a few patrons of modern art, including John Quinn, Mrs. Eugene Meyer, and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

At the age of forty-one, Marin married Marie Hughes, a native of Coeymans, New York, whom he had

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"Week ends, Jenkins, forewarned is forearmed."

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Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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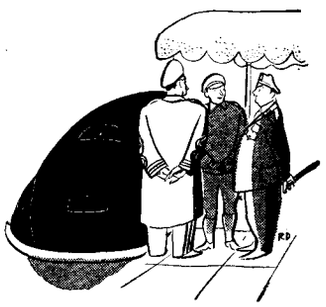
met before first going to Paris. From 1914 on, the Marins spent their summers in one village or another on the Maine coast, and there Marin really found what he needed for his work: the clean light, the cool greens and blues, the explosive sunsets, the islands, rocks, sand, fish, ships, and houses. His landscapes acquired, as the result of constant experiment, what is now generally thought of as the characteristic Marin style—the "enclosure forms" and zigzagging lines. At the same time his colors grew more luxuriant and lyrical. It was on the Maine coast in the summer of 1914, according to many critics, that Marin achieved his full mastery of water color and that the art of water color itself became, in his hands, modernized.



THE pictures Marin painted in 1914 gave him a solid reputation. His following was small at first, but by the middle nineteen-twenties was large and enthusiastic. Eventually he was represented in the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Chicago Art Institute, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard, and the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Among the collectors who regularly bought his water colors were Albert Gallatin, Samuel Lewisohn, Edsel Ford, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edward Warburg.

On several occasions Marin has held large one-man shows at so-called commercial galleries. However, though various dealers promised to put him into wide circulation, they usually sold few pictures, and never at the high prices which Stieglitz has been able to get. One day in 1926 an astonishing report was published in the papers that Stieglitz had sold a water color of Marin's, entitled "Back of Bear Mountain," to Duncan Phillips, the Washington art collector, for $6,000—a record price for a water color up to then, as far as anyone knows. There was a genteel but audible stir on Fifty-seventh Street, where at least one or two dealers expressed the view that Mr. Phillips had been squandering his money, since he could have purchased a large oil painting by Matisse or Picasso, or even a huge Poussin, for such a sum. At first Phillips, irritated at the publicity, denied that he had paid any such amount, but finally he told the whole story, which was that Stieglitz had set the unprecedented price of $6,000 because he believed that Marin should receive the same respect, even in dollars and cents, accorded to the most famous modern oil painters of the Paris school. Then, when Phillips cheerfully bought the picture, Stieglitz was so grateful and so elated at having established his principle that he threw in a second handsome Marin water color as a gift. Since that time a Marin has brought the still higher price of $6,100.

While the Phillips transaction and others equally businesslike were being handled by Stieglitz in town, Marin, up in Maine, remote from all problems of finance, rowed in a dory or held a fishing line, working only when he found something he wanted to paint, watching the movement of the sea, and waiting for one of what he calls his "big moments." Water-color painting is a rapid process requiring the instant mobilization for action of a man's entire resources and permitting little revision. Marin at times pretends to loaf or play, but he is always stalking his game. Once, while fishing in Stonington Harbor, he saw a big white yacht bearing down on him. He knew the tide and the wind, and he calculated just when and where the boat must tack. Then, dropping his fishing line, he got his paints ready. The instant the boat tacked, sails swelling, he was at work. In the few moments before the boat had veered again, he had done his picture, lit a cigarette, and exclaimed, "High cockalorum!" On the back of the picture he scribbled, as he always does, the date and place and a comment—in this instance, "Now they can keep their bloomin' yacht!"

AT seventy-one, Marin is still restlessly youthful in his movements, though he no longer climbs out on ledges over the sea to paint. In the summer he does much of his painting on the broad, enclosed porch of a house he owns on the water's edge at South Addison, a town in one of the bleakest and most easterly parts of the Maine coast. The summer is usually a productive period. Returning to Cliffside in the autumn, he studies his finished paintings slowly and selects what he wants to show in his next exhibition. He spends many of his winter evenings playing the piano, mostly Bach or Mozart, sometimes pounding out a fortissimo, when the instructions indicate pianissimo, in order to get the feeling that he is composing his own music. Every Saturday afternoon he makes the ten-minute trip from Jersey to Manhattan by ferry. On this excursion he sits by himself, blinking and smiling at the other passengers, while they look back at him, in his odd clothes and with his long hair, in some bewilderment. In town he goes straight to Stieglitz's gallery, where he meets a few old friends, such as Emil Zoler, the painter, who helps out at the gallery. Later he walks about the city, smoking Piedmont cigarettes, looking at the buildings and the bridges and into the shop windows at the hard-faced mannequins, which fascinate him. After a cocktail and an early dinner with friends, he returns to Cliffside. Once or twice during the winter he and Mrs. Marin come to Manhattan for a concert, or for a dinner with the Herbert J. Seligmanns or the Arthur Schwabs, old friends whose homes are filled with Marin aquarelles. On the whole, few people in New York know Marin, whom European art critics have called the greatest American water-colorist, well enough to recognize him on sight. His neighbors in Cliffside smile at him indulgently but know practically nothing about his painting. He thinks they like him "romantically," or because his name inexplicably appears in the newspapers from time to time. Cliffside has raised no monument to him. He is not in *Who's Who*. Marin and Stieglitz feel that he has done not too badly, all in all, to have averaged "about the pay of a bank clerk," as Stieglitz says, while refusing all commercial work and portrait commissions and painting exactly as he pleases. Today his output continues undiminished, even though people have little inclination to think of art right now and the times look dark for painters. Marin once wrote in a letter, "Over in Europe they are fighting . . . and yet after all it is the artist who wins out. The artist, that old, old-fashioned critter who remains the same yesterday, today, tomorrow, and will continue, by God, to paint his people and his trees." This was written to Stieglitz in 1914 on the occasion of another war, but to Marin it is still true today.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Boston Sunday Herald*]

It took adjustment to stand stark naked in fifty-below-zero weather and clean his clothing before crawling into a sleeping bag.

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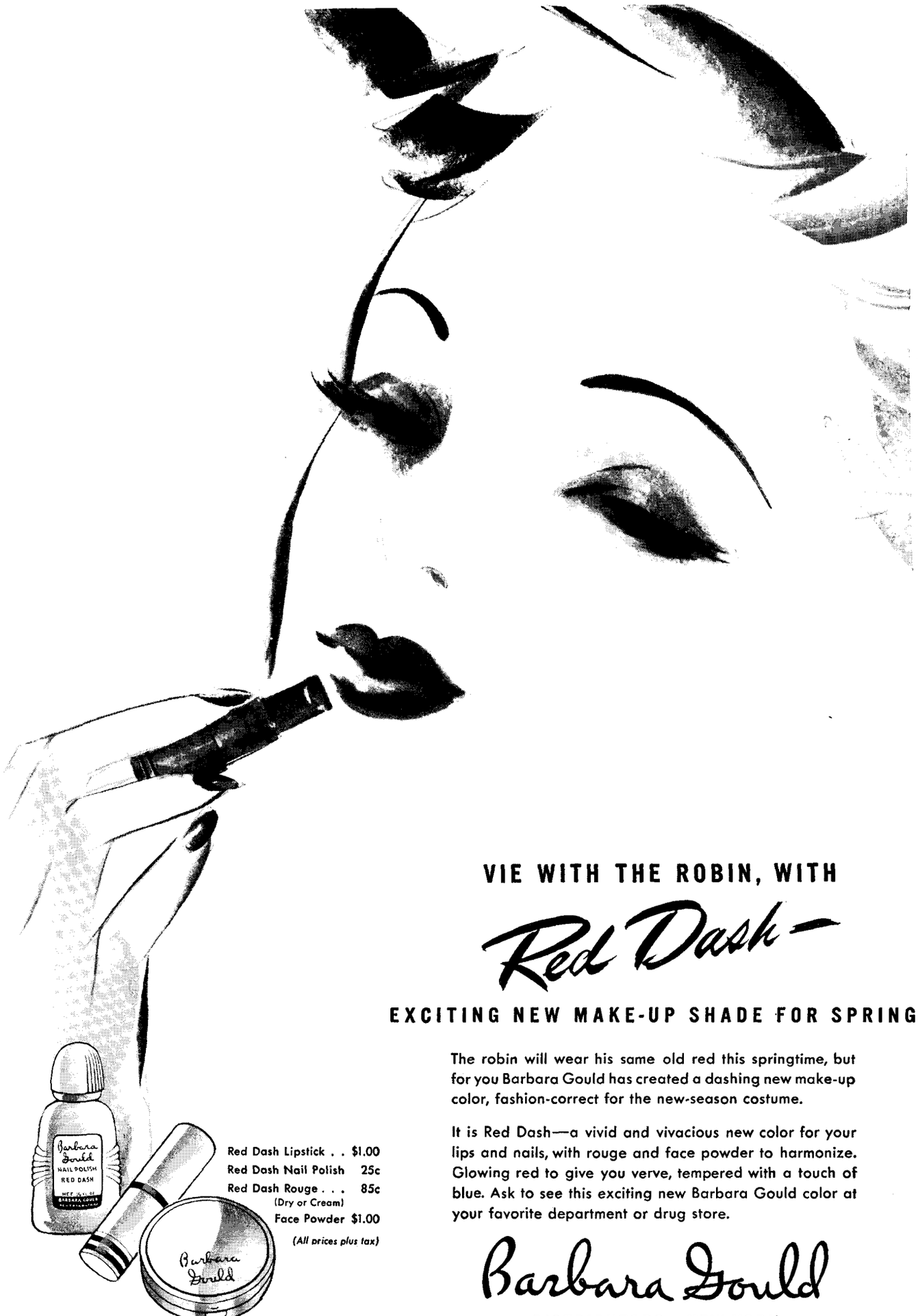

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THE INDECENT HASTE OF HORACE GARDNER

IT must have been the maid's evening off, because at his father's home in the East Fifties the door was opened by Mrs. Dudley, the housekeeper. Francis Gardner had not seen her since his mother's funeral two months before, and then her face had been hidden by a succession of white handkerchiefs. Even now, at the sight of Francis, her features drooped with a commiseration that embarrassed him. She offered to take his coat, but Francis went to the hall closet and hung it up himself. Mrs. Dudley was no longer very robust. She had kept house for his parents as far back as he could remember.

"How've you been?" he asked. "Working too hard, as usual?"

"Nothing's been going as usual, Mr. Francis."

"I suppose not." He hoped she would not cry or reminisce. "Father through eating?"

"He's waiting for you in the study," Mrs. Dudley said. "But before you go up, could I talk to you a minute?"

If only she would not cry. Francis followed her into the little hall off the dining room.

At the telephone table she turned around and said, "Mr. Francis, could I go keep house for you now? I'd work for very little. Maybe half of what your father has been paying me. I know young Mrs. Gardner likes me and I'd do more than earn my keep."

"Work for me? But what would Father do without you?"

"I'm sure he'd get along. Do you know why he asked you over tonight? Do you know what he wants to tell you?"

Francis knew very well. "No," he said.

"Mr. Gardner is going to get married. He's going to marry Miss Brown."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Just before dinner."

"That's news," Francis said.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What else is there to say?"

"Miss Brown is not more than twenty years old."

"Maggie is twenty-six," Francis said. "She was at least two years ahead of my wife at school."

"Even so, she's almost thirty years younger than him. Mr. Francis, I can't stay and run the house for *her*."

The whole thing was too banal, he thought, right down to the aged family abigail faithful to her dead mistress. He had no desire to discuss the matter with Dudley, certainly not now, when he was at a loss even about what he would say to his father.

He wished he had paid more attention to Maggie the few times she had visited Helen. The thing he remembered about her most vividly was that she had been Helen's best friend through the period of Helen's engagement to the West Point man, and now the two of them went off into spasms of dormitory giggling whenever the cadet's name was mentioned. This afternoon, Helen had returned home half stunned after cocktails with Maggie, and the things she had to say about her former roommate were not very illuminating. Then his father phoned, and Francis stopped pumping his wife.

"I will *not* keep house for that girl," Mrs. Dudley said.

"All right," Francis said. "I'll talk to you about it later."

WALKING past the overflow bookcases in the upstairs hall, Francis thought of the volumes his mother used to hide behind the Britannica in the mahogany closet. He wondered why she had not done so before he was sixteen. It had probably never occurred to her that by the time he was twelve he had read most of the concealed books. The Gardners, it would seem, entered their pubescence early and their senescence late.

His father was not in the study. Francis was about to go back downstairs when he heard the click of a cue and a quiet "Damn" from the billiard room.

"You came in on the tail end of the best run I've had in weeks," Horace Gardner said. "Had no right to muff, either. This is about the way it was." He set up the balls in a position that would have discouraged Francis, and made the shot with ease. "Something went wrong with my concentration," he said. "I guess by now you think you know what it must have been."

"Yes. Congratulations."

"Blessings too?"

"All the blessings in the world," Francis said.

"That's a relief. I didn't know how you'd take it."

"I didn't, either. I still don't, exactly. When is it coming off?"

"Tomorrow," his father said.

"Whew!"

They went back to the study—so called, Francis thought, because it contained some five thousand books and for no other reason. Certainly, his grandfather had never studied there or even dipped into the standard sets that had been shifted up toward the ceiling in later years. And although his father spent as much time reading as any man Francis had ever known, including his professors at Williams, it was mostly for enjoyment. Unlike most people who lived off incomes, his father had never experienced undue difficulty in finding things to do.

"This would not be a bad selection of books to be shipwrecked on an island with," said Francis.

Simultaneously and with gestures so much alike that both men smiled a little, they took pipes off the stand. Francis sat down and his father threw a small log on the fire.

"Good pipes, too," his father said. "Good fire and good slippers. Good, solid slippers. Just the kind you'd expect to see on a man of fifty-three. But, you know, your mother started buying me this kind fifteen years ago. Small wonder I didn't stray too far off the reservation." There was no bitterness at all in his voice, but something in Francis's expression must have made him add, "I hope you don't imagine I'm trying to justify myself."

"No reason why you should," Francis said. The reference to his mother did not move him one way or another.

"At the same time," his father said, "I don't pretend not to be apprehensive about what people will say. The indecent-haste part of it leaves me untouched, but no one likes to be called an old fool. Or a nasty old man. What I'm really going to resent is that they'll make it a *rich* old fool, and I'm almost flat broke."

"How flat?"

"Pretty damn flat."

"Does Maggie know?"

"By that I suppose you mean would she be marrying me if she did know," his father said. "Candidly, I doubt it. I wouldn't go so far as to say she's marrying me for my money, but she'd be too sensible to go through with it if she knew how little I actually had. How well do you know her?"

"Not very well," Francis said. "She was always a little too good-looking for me to pay much attention to the things she said."

"You'll find her sensible. Matter of fact, I think the inevitable comments will not have much effect on her. Of course, I'll be more on the receiving

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end. Francis, have you thought much about middle age?"

"Not really."

"Still, you've gathered it's not pleasant. Not that I think anyone ever *feels* middle-aged. You feel young or old, when at all. But you do start muffing billiard shots. No, that's not what I'm trying to say. Skip all that. I mean, if I'm a nasty old man, so were Goethe and Titian and Jonathan Swift and the cop around the corner and everybody else, and so will you be."

"Let's hope so," said Francis.

It was the first time his father had ever taken the trouble to explain an important personal move, and the flattery, though probably not intended, proved decisive. Francis felt a wave of sympathetic understanding. After all, it was not as if Maggie had been some silly, vulgar little piece.

"Besides finding her exciting," his father said, "I believe Maggie is the first woman I've been able to relax with truly for years. We're getting married at Greenwich in the morning and taking a plane to the Coast tomorrow night."

"Just like that?"

"Mmm."

Francis laughed. "You're not so flat broke."

"What? Oh, yes I am. That was one of the things I wanted to talk about with you. Last week I found a bankbook of your mother's with a deposit of thirty-one hundred dollars. Did you know she had that?"

"No," Francis said.

"Neither did I. For all I know, she meant it for you. I'm pretty sure she must have. But it's the only sizable bit of cash I'll be able to put my fingers on for a long time. You seem to be getting along all right with what you earn, and I don't see how I could do without that money. Do you mind if I appropriate it for the trip?"

"Why, no."

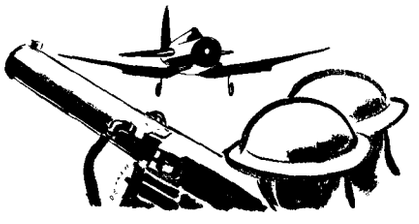
"Thank you, Francis. I don't know how I would have managed otherwise."

"Do you mean you're clear out of the government bonds?"

"Clear."

"But what will you do for money after the trip?"

"Can't tell. Get rid of the house, maybe. I don't know. I don't care.



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March 9th to 23rd, 1942

Maggie and I are going to live well for three months. If, after that, she should decide she'd rather not take a fling at love in a garret, we'll see." He stood up and fixed the fire. "Want a drink?"

"What have you got?" Francis asked.

"Scotch-and-soda and some inferior brandy."

"I think this calls for a little more. Why don't we phone the girls and take them out someplace?"

"Would you like to do that?" his father said. "Maggie is home, getting a few things together, but I'm sure she'd love to. Where will we take them?"

"Let them decide," Francis suggested.

"Fine. I'll phone her now. Or would you like to call Helen first?"

"No, you go."

Francis watched his father walk away, eager and immensely pleased. It was only fair that they should celebrate tonight, he thought, since his job would prevent him from going up to Greenwich for the ceremony. Now *there* was something the old man had never in all his fifty-three years had to worry about—a job. Only a person who did not know what it meant to grub for a living could remain so grandly and innocently unaware of what would happen when his money ran out. Francis began to wonder if he ought to let his father blow all of thirty-one hundred dollars on a silly jaunt. There was no doubt but that those trips always palled long before they were over, and if the old man was going to reduce his standard of living, he might as well start now. Two thousand ought to provide handsomely for anybody's honeymoon.

Francis decided that in the course of the evening he would find some way of making this clear. The old man would just have to understand. For weeks now Helen had been promised an evening wrap that would cost just about an even thousand. As far as the extra hundred was concerned, Francis himself had been needing a new set of tennis racquets for a long time.

—Edward Newhouse

•

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THE ban on new radios will be no hardship to the listening public. The old sets are plenty good enough for the third-rate news we are getting these days.

•

Despite the steady advance of the Red Army, we keep hearing about the Nazi spring offensive. Hitler probably tells the home folks that he is just going back to find a good place to turn around.

•

The Senate must take time out to consider charges against a North Dakota member. The Committee on Privileges and Elections has brought in the ugly report: "Langer needn't linger any longer."

•

We are still on speaking terms with Vichy but the Free French are helping to fight the Axis in Libya. De Gaulle must wonder sometimes what a man has to do to make the United Nations team.

•

The farm bloc is keeping up its fight to make us pay too much for food. These congressmen have gone all out for victory—in the November election.

•

The President asks the government and the people to economize in the use of electricity. He himself will probably have to resist the temptation to put an illuminated sign over the White House door proclaiming, "Tenth Big Year."

•

The birth rate took a jump in 1941. We got two and a half million bundles from heaven to help us pay the national debt.

•

The Dodgers recently beat the Giants again. All right-thinking Manhattanites must deplore this tendency to carry on business as usual.

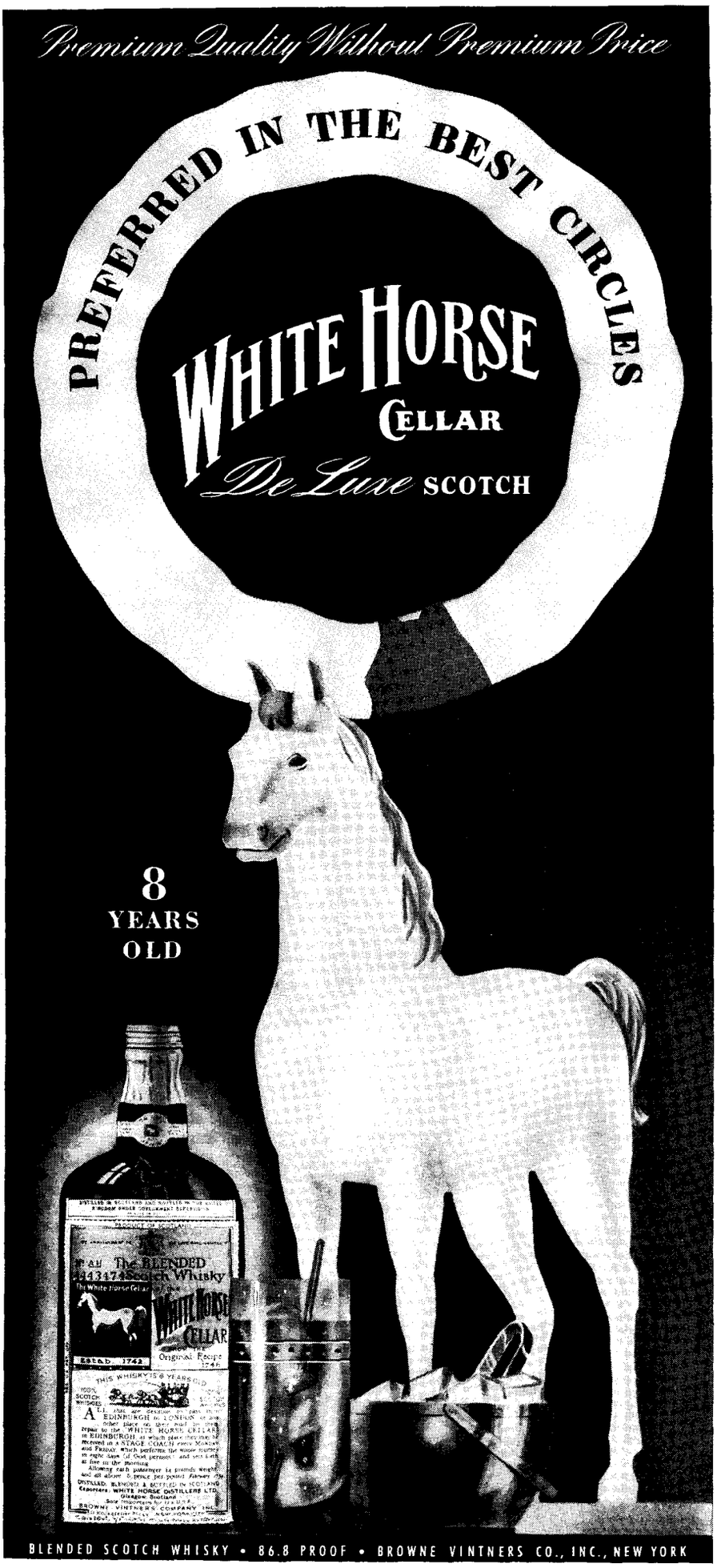
•

The Gracie Mansion is being remodelled and furnished with museum pieces. When finished, the house will make a handsome permanent home for our handsome permanent Mayor.

•

Now we know what they meant when they told us civilization would collapse. It was made of rubber.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

TUESDAY FORUM

THERE is a federal penitentiary about fifteen miles south of where I live in Connecticut. Lying just outside Danbury, it was put up something over a year and a half ago, and I pass it frequently on my errands into the town. A long, low, flat-roofed structure built of yellow-tinted concrete, it stands on a knoll above the highway, overlooking the Danbury reservoir and the rolling farmland beyond. I had often wondered what sort of life went on inside the place, and since our entrance into the war I had been more curious than ever. One day a week or so ago, having obtained an invitation from the Warden, I turned my car up the winding driveway to find out. Specifically, I had been invited to attend one of the weekly forums, or symposiums, held Tuesday evenings and conducted by the convicts themselves. I had arranged to arrive in the afternoon in order to see what the daily routine in the prison was like, and it was a little past four o'clock when I parked my car outside the entrance.

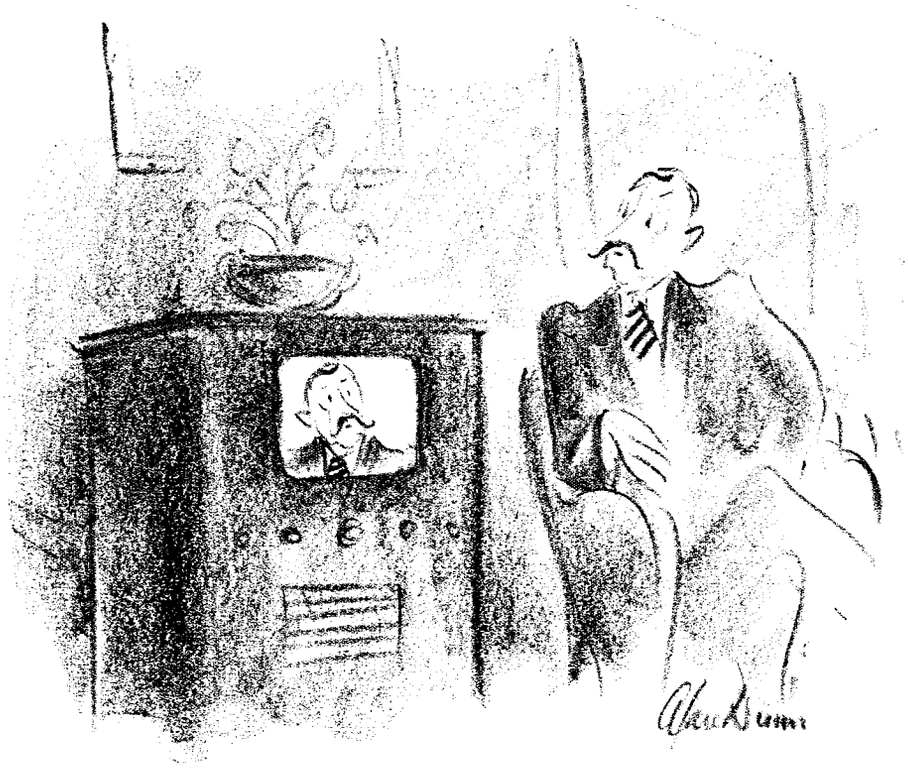
Mr. Gerlach, the Warden, was expecting me. But the warden of a prison himself lives behind bars, or at least spends his working hours there, and before I could reach his office from the entrance hall I came to a barrier formed by a double row of inch-thick bars spaced about six inches apart and stretching from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. Behind the bars a guard was stationed. Before I could pass I had to give him my name. Then he thrust a key into the lock of a door in the middle of the barrier and opened it. I stepped in and the door banged shut behind me. I was in the prison. The guard impounded my car keys—a precaution, I later learned, against their falling into a prisoner's hands. Then he inquired if I had any firearms on my person, and after I had answered negatively, pointed down a corridor leading out of the enclosure. "First door on the right," he said.

I found the Warden to be a man of about forty-five, plump, brown-eyed, round-faced, crisply affable, and with an informal habit of curling up sidewise in his desk chair while he talked. He explained that a tour through the institution had been arranged for me, and then, while we waited for my guide to show up, he outlined some of the details of the place. It is constructed on the new "self-enclosed" plan, in which the buildings are grouped in a rectangle, stockade fashion, around a central compound, or exercise area, and the need for a prison wall—and with it a good deal of the old-fashioned walled jail's bleakness and grimness—is done away with. Modern penologists, it appears, consider the prison wall to be both an unhealthy symbol of repression and a temptation to escape and for years have eyed it with almost as much disfavor as a convict does.

The prison's capacity, the Warden told me, is about six hundred men. It was designed originally for convicts serving sentences of eighteen months or under, but the war has changed this restriction. "Roughly, we cover the northeastern area of the country—New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the New England states. Since we're a federal unit, we take Army prisoners as well as ordinary federal prisoners—that is, men convicted of crimes while in the service—and, of course, the more men there are in the Army camps in the area the more violators of that sort will come under our jurisdiction. As a result we've been stepped up to include five-year sentences and we're getting close to capacity. As of this morning our population is exactly four hundred and eighty-three." In addition to the run-of-peacetime violators and the Army prisoners, this figure included a half-dozen conscientious objectors, a few spies, and a sprinkling of Italian and German seamen seized as saboteurs in the roundup of enemy vessels in New England harbors some months ago.

I asked him if the war had had any other effects on prison life, and he smiled. "Well, the subject for discussion at the forum tonight is 'How We Can Step Up Defense Production.' But I suppose what you mean is the effect of the war on the prisoners themselves. In spite of the mixed population, there have been no disturbances. Pearl Harbor, of course, produced a sensation. You could hear the men buzz-buzzing about it all over the place. And directly afterward a group of Army prisoners got up a petition to the War Department, asking to be put back in service and sent into action right away. But it's hard to decide in a case like that how much is pure patriotism and how much of it is simply the desire for freedom." He interlaced the fingers of his hands and glanced at me. "The two are so interwoven anyway, aren't they? I don't suppose even the most honest of the men who signed that petition could disentangle his motives completely.

"Anyway," he went on, "we had the petition typed for them and mailed it. But so far we've heard nothing. There was a period when the men were quite excited about bombing, too. That's understandable, of course. They were worried about being caught in their cells in the midst of an air raid, and though I suppose the danger is slight, we had



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to take their feelings into account. So we set up an air-raid-precautions committee. It's made up of two inmates apiece from each of the housing units on the place, and they meet weekly with Officer Murphy of our staff, who's been put in charge. He teaches them first-aid work, fire prevention, and so on. It gives the prisoners a sense of participation. That's perhaps the most important part."

He had been glancing at his wristwatch as he talked. "It's four-thirty," he said. Just then the door opened and a tall young man in a guard's uniform and a long gray overcoat came into the room. He didn't salute, but he stiffened into something resembling the military attitude of attention in front of the desk. "Ah, Mr. Dodd," the Warden said. "You're right on time." I could see that the Warden was pleased at this punctuality. Mr. Dodd looked rather pleased, too. He had a pale, bony, serious face, and he unbent enough to shake hands when the Warden introduced us. "I want Mr. Coates to see the general layout of the place," the Warden said. "The housing quarters and so on—as much as you've time for. And, of course, he's due at the forum at eight-thirty. You can turn him over to Mr. Bowman there." The Warden and I shook hands and Mr. Dodd led me away.

THERE are a number of impressions that remain in the mind after a tour of a prison. One of these is the air of purposelessness of the inmates, their slow walk and deliberate gestures, as if everyone, whatever he may be doing, is concerned more with wasting time than with using it to advantage. The effect is peculiarly dreamlike, and the impression is heightened by the fact that it seems to be a rule of prison etiquette that the guards and prisoners, unless there is some necessity to speak, must ignore each other. There are several types of housing for the prisoners at Danbury, and Mr. Dodd conscientiously showed them all to me. Only the toughest and most difficult men are kept in cells. The others are housed in barracklike dormitories, some sixty men to a room. There is, too, an "honor house" for prisoners who are up for parole or soon to be released, in which the men are provided with tiny rooms, something like those in a more than usually compact men's hotel. Whatever the quarters, the atmosphere was about the same. There was an impression of slow, aimless, dreamy movement as the men shuffled up and down the aisles, met,

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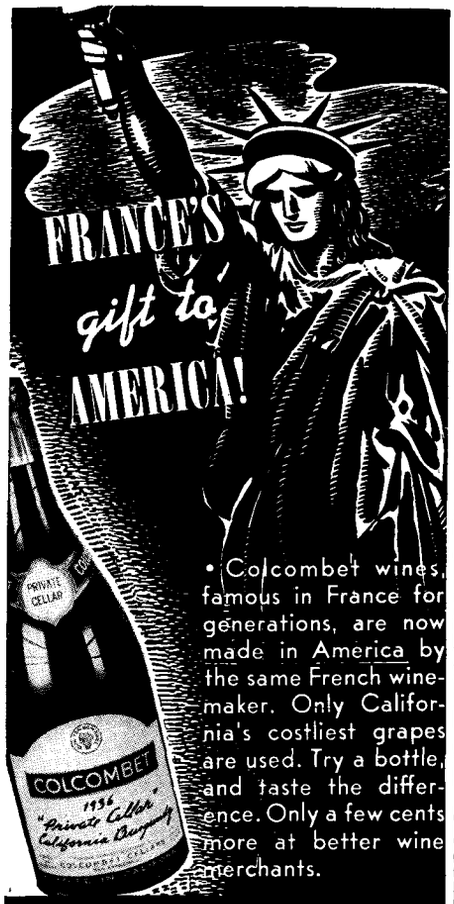
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spoke a word or two, and walked on again, and a practically complete disregard of Mr. Dodd and myself. If a man happened to turn in our direction, he merely looked past us, and there was neither hostility nor any other sign of interest in his gaze. The men simply ignored us, and in the end I began to have something of the feeling that I, too, was walking in a dream.

The men wear gray—gray trousers, gray shirts, and gray caps. The prison day begins at six-thirty, when a bugle sounds reveille. Breakfast is at seven, and at seven-thirty a work call is sounded. The prison at Danbury has no factory as yet, so the work consists of such jobs as can be manufactured for the prisoners—ditching, grading, and landscaping the still-unfinished prison grounds, kitchen work, cleaning quarters, and so on. Recall sounds at eleven-thirty. Dinner is at twelve. At twelve-thirty work call is sounded again, and recall at four. Supper is at five, and from then until nine-thirty the men are free to make use of various recreational facilities—a gymnasium, a library, a school where a few elementary subjects are taught, a hobby shop where the men may practice woodworking, basket-weaving, and other arts and crafts. There are movies on Saturday night, the forum on Tuesdays, and occasionally boxing bouts, handball tournaments, or a home-talent play. Taps is sounded at ten; then those in the cells are locked in and in both cell blocks and dormitories the lights go out.

I HAD dinner alone in Danbury, and got back just in time for the forum. This is held in a large room with a dais at one end and nine or ten rows of chairs for the participants. I arrived as the meeting was beginning and it was clear from the start that the atmosphere here was to be livelier and more animated than it had seemed around the prison in the daytime. Mr. Bowman, the educational director of the prison, was on the dais; before him sat some seventy men, all in gray. He announced the subject, "How We Can Step Up Defense Production," and went on to name the speakers. The first, a Mr. Connor (I shall change all the prisoners' names), would discuss the general aspects of the subject; the second, Mr. Fenton, would talk on the point of view of management; the third would be Mr. Slocumb; the fourth, Mr. Paine. Mr. Bowman sat down. Mr. Connor, a short, baldish man with a pair of glittering, gold-rimmed spectacles that seemed somehow incongruous with his prison garb, arose and began to speak.

Mr. Connor, I later learned, has a reputation for garrulousness, but for the moment he seemed to be in the grip of some embarrassment and his speech was extremely short. It was also rather dry. It ran largely to statistics, of the sort that has been featured in the newspapers during the last few months, and its phrasing was highly reminiscent of newspaper editorialese. He also had a habit of ducking his head toward his notes in the middle of a sentence and letting the rest of it trail off almost into inaudibility, and in a short time his audience grew restive. I had taken a seat at one side of the room, toward the back, and looking along the rows, I could see the men stirring and shifting in their seats. "Twenty-five thousand tanks in 1942, forty-five thousand tanks in 1943," Mr. Connor was saying, his voice getting loud and muffled by turns. "These are tremendous figures, but we have the manpower to go with them. It has been estimated that the total manpower we have right now in defense industries alone is more than forty-five billion man-hours." Struck by the magnitude of this figure, Mr. Connor glanced back at his paper and then over at Mr. Bowman, as though he wanted reassurance. "That is what has been estimated," he went on, having had no sign from Mr. Bowman, "and it has been estimated that by a proper apportionment of our effort that figure can be more than doubled."

He had opened his mouth to continue when someone in the back of the room called out "Louder!" and in an instant a number of others took up the cry. The man sitting next to me was one of them. "Speak up, Eddie! Can't hear ya!" he called. Then he turned to me. "Eddie's all right," he said. "Only he's no good now, when he's got to be reading something. Wait till they have the discussion afterward. That's when he'll get going." My neighbor was a thin-faced man with very bright black eyes and a small mustache, and, as was true of almost all the other men I had seen so far that day, there was absolutely nothing in his face that suggested the criminal to me. He looked as if he might be a drugstore clerk or possibly a house-to-house canvasser. "The discussion's the best time, anyway," he said. "That's when you really hear the fireworks." He grinned at me and turned back to listen to the speaker.

Mr. Connor was by now fairly rattled. His difficulty, I judged, was

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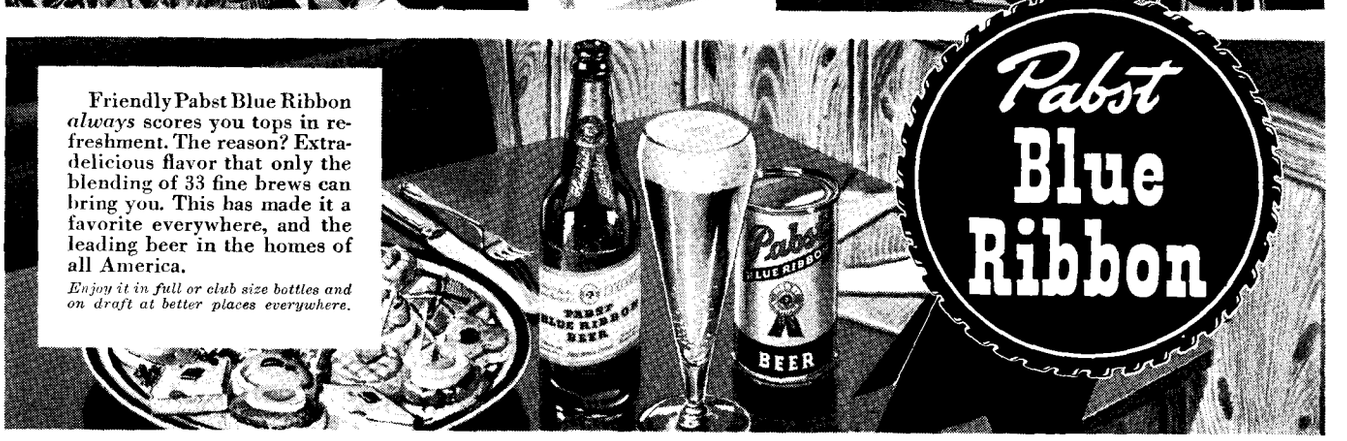

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that he had prepared his speech a little too studiously and with too fond an eye for the pretentious word and the involved phrase. His sentences were so long and complicated that he had to keep glancing down at his notes to keep track of where he was, and when he did that his voice would fall; when his voice fell someone was sure to protest. It was in a medley of phrases like "dedication to our task," "unstinted effort," and "wholehearted sacrifice," mixed with occasional cries of "Louder!," that he stumbled through his peroration and sat down. The second man, Mr. Fenton, was hardly better, and it wasn't till we came to the third speaker, Mr. Slocumb, that the crowd began to get interested.

MR. SLOCUMB was a Negro, tall and strongly built, with a heavy-featured but intelligent face. He spoke simply and naturally, which appealed to his audience, and he was evidently deadly serious about what he had to say, so serious, in fact, that at times his eyes rolled and their whites flashed in something like the traditional stage-Negro fashion. "Mr. Chairman and fellow-inmates," he began, "today every American wants to do everything he can which will bring about a quick victory. But for just *us* to want to do that is not enough. We have other nations allied with us in this struggle, and to win it they must *all* get together, with each one doing the best they can do and leaving to others the best *they* can do. That is what should be meant by pooling our forces, and it should be carried all down the line. Just as we have a unified command in the Atlantic and the Pacific, so we should have a unified command in our building and manufacturing, and each nation should come into it according to its capacities."

He raised one large hand and began ticking off points on his fingers as he went on: "What I mean is this. Just as we have a Secretary of State for this country, so we should have a Secretary of State for all allied countries, and all questions of policy should be up to him concerning them. Just as we have a Secretary of War for this country, so we should have a Secretary of War for all the countries, to determine the planning of the battles and the strategy. Just as we have a Secretary of Agriculture for this country, so we should have a Secretary of Agriculture for all the countries, and it should be up to him to determine which should do the planting and what they should plant." By now Mr. Slocumb's voice was taking on the rhythmic character of an old-time evangelist. The majority of the men were almost literally hanging on the edges of their seats to listen to him. "By God! That's good sense," the man next to me was muttering. "That's sensible."

Mr. Slocumb went on: "If there was too much wheat in one country, he would say to that country, 'No more wheat from you,' and if it was cotton he wanted instead, he would send them the seeds and all the implements they needed for planting cotton. We have no Secretary of Manufacturing in this country, but there should be one created and, according to my plan, all the manufacturing should be concentrated in this country. We have plants, we have tools, but from all that we read what we need is men, and, according to my plan, these men would be imported. We would let Argentina grow the wheat, we would let Brazil grow the rubber, but in return they would send us their trained men to go into our factories and steel mills in Detroit and Pittsburgh and wherever else they were needed. There they would produce tanks and airplanes and armaments in such numbers as never before have been dreamed of." He stopped suddenly and stood a moment, looking out at us solemnly, his eyes gleaming. "It is a great task we have ahead of us," he went on, "and many sacrifices will be demanded of us. It is a great task. But we are a great nation, and we shall not fail in it."

He sat down amid loud applause, in which the man next to me joined heartily. "I call that sensible," he said as he clapped his hands. "You know, sometimes you hear some pretty damn-fool ideas around here. But that, I call that sensible." He pointed suddenly to a man in the row ahead of us and cupped a hand conspiratorially against his mouth. "Him, though," he said in a lowered voice, "I bet he won't like it a bit. He'll find something to kick about. Wait and see." The man he had indicated was tall and blond and rather fleshy, and he seemed fairly easygoing, not at all the type to create disturbances. When I looked at my neighbor inquiringly he lowered his voice still further. "C.O.," he said. "He's a conchy. Get it? Conscientious objector. Wouldn't even register for the draft." He hitched himself rapidly backward and forward in his chair, exactly like a schoolboy who knows that pleasures are in store for him and can hardly wait for their materialization.

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"Wait till *he* gets started. And there's Army men here, too," he added. "Dynamite all around." I could see that his interest in the forum lay less in a taste for pure logic than in his anticipation of the frictions which might develop.

If so, he must have been disappointed, for in spite of the dynamite, there were no explosions. In one respect he was right, however. When the fourth speaker had finished (he spoke briefly, and also again statistically, and no one paid much attention to him), the first man on his feet was the conscientious objector, whom I shall call Mr. Slater. His remarks were directed toward the second speaker, Mr. Fenton. But in strict parliamentary fashion he addressed them to the chairman, and in general this procedure was followed throughout the evening, giving an air of formality to the meeting that, under the circumstances, seemed curiously touching to me. I don't know why it should have seemed unduly formal. I don't know why it should have seemed touching, either. I suppose it will be a long time before I discover precisely why it was that the spectacle of one convict addressing another convict on questions of national policy through a chairman, in a room locked and barred away from the outside world, should give rise to the particular emotions I felt.

The emotions were there, however, and they colored my view of everything that went on that evening. "Mr. Chairman," a voice would say. I would turn to see a tall, black-haired young man standing up a few rows away. "I should like to ask Mr. Slocumb if he realizes there's a Fascist slant to a good deal of what he was saying. What I mean is, isn't what he says—having Argentina grow the wheat and Brazil the rubber while we take their mechanics and skilled workingmen away to work in our factories—isn't that just what the Nazis are doing right now when they strip France and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia of their factory workers and move them into Germany so that Germany can be the great producing centre and the rest of Europe be merely agricultural?"

The Negro rose solemnly. "I wouldn't want to be called a Fascist. If there was anything Fascist in what I was saying, I'd want to strike it out."

"I'm just asking, Mr. Chairman," the black-haired young man said.

"Mr. Chairman," Mr. Connor, the first speaker, said as he rose to his feet, and mindful of what my neighbor had said, I looked for something barbed and provocative from him. He must have been off his stride that night, for his con-

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tributions throughout were mainly in the nature of marginalia. "There's a saying by a former President of ours that I think we should all bear in mind at this time," he said. "That was President Garfield, and he said, 'It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us.'" Looking almost as startled as his audience was by this unexpected interpolation, he sat down, and the argument rolled on again.

LABOR, I observed, took quite a beating in the course of the forum. Clearly, most of the men identified themselves far more with the capitalist than with the working class, and the views that were expressed on such subjects as the C.I.O. and the Reuther plan would have found hearty favor at a meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers. The government, too, came in for its share of blame, and the general feeling seemed to be that if Washington would just keep its hands off things and let the businessmen alone, there would be no further worries about war production. Out of this there developed the one trace of acrimony the evening produced. This came when an olive-skinned, dark-haired man whom I might call Pruett, in the row ahead of me, made a remark about "Washington's meddling" and Slater got up to challenge it. "Hasn't Washington done a good job so far?" he asked.

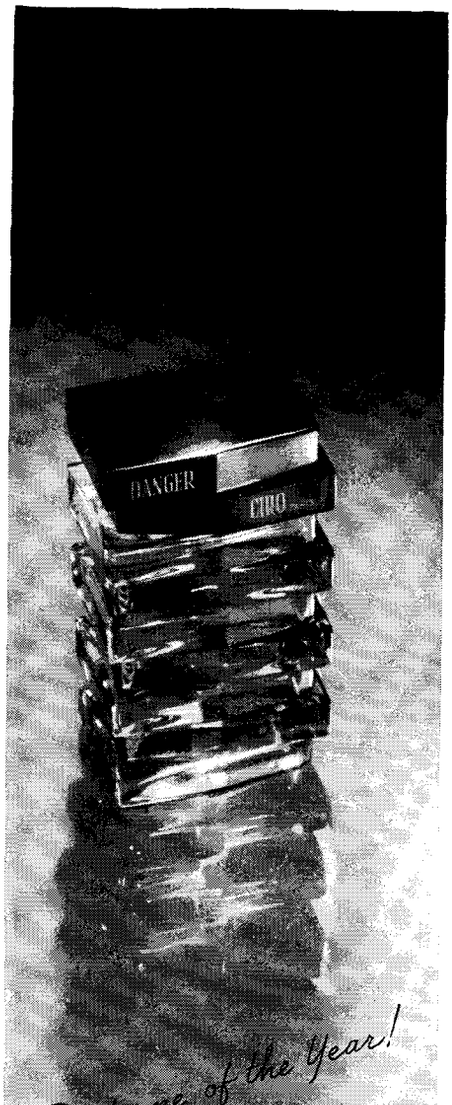
He had addressed his question to the chairman, but the two men had had minor brushes on other subjects that evening, and perhaps because of this Pruett abandoned the parliamentary gambit entirely and turned directly on his adversary. "No, it hasn't," he snapped. "It's been meddling too much."

The two men eyed each other for a moment. "In what way?" Slater asked.

"Well, the anti-trust laws, for example," Pruett said. "There's a case of meddling. Let a man or a corporation get a big business going and any minute the government may call them a trust and crack down on them. Businessmen don't know where they're at."

"But shouldn't there be some checks on business, after all?" asked Slater. "In the last war we let business do as it pleased, and the result was we had war profiteers, people making millions—"

Pruett interrupted him. "The last war!" he cried. "There's some people that worry so much about the last war that they won't have anything to do with this one. If they won't fight, what right have they got to talk about it?" He stopped suddenly. A hush had come over the audience. I had been warned



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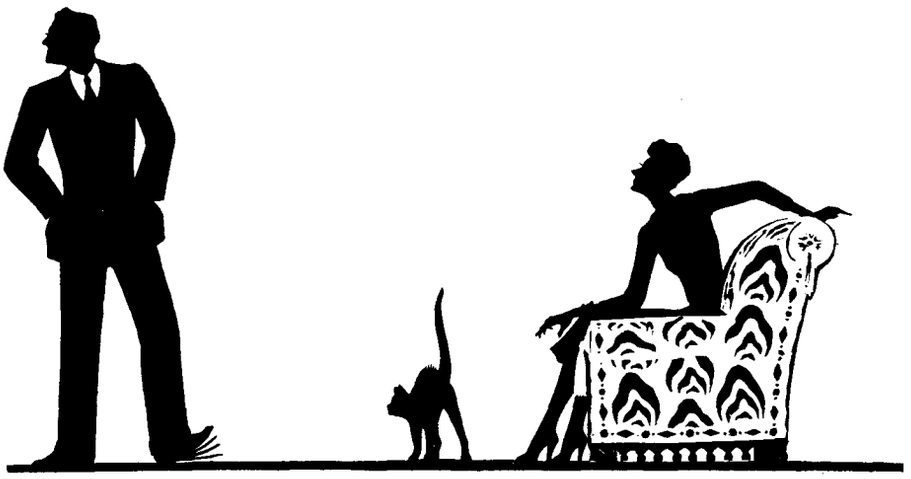
earlier in the day that it's bad form in prison to inquire why anyone is there, and apparently, in referring so openly to his opponent's pacifism, Pruett had offended a similar canon. An oddly awkward little pause ensued. Pruett just stood there for a second or two, then he dropped silently into his seat again. Mr. Bowman, the chairman, said something about keeping to the subject in the future.

BY now it was almost nine-thirty, the end of the period allotted for the meeting. As frequently happens at such forums, the discussion so far had been carried mainly by a dozen or so of the more articulate and perhaps better-educated men, but apparently everyone there, in the course of the preceding week, had been seized with some thought or had come across some bit of information bearing on the subject, and as the hour when they would go back to their cells or their dormitories approached, they all clamored to be heard. Mostly, what they had to offer was snatches of statistical intelligence picked from the newspapers, mixed with tag ends of well-worn philosophy. They waved their hands at Mr. Bowman like eager school children, impatient for a chance to speak.

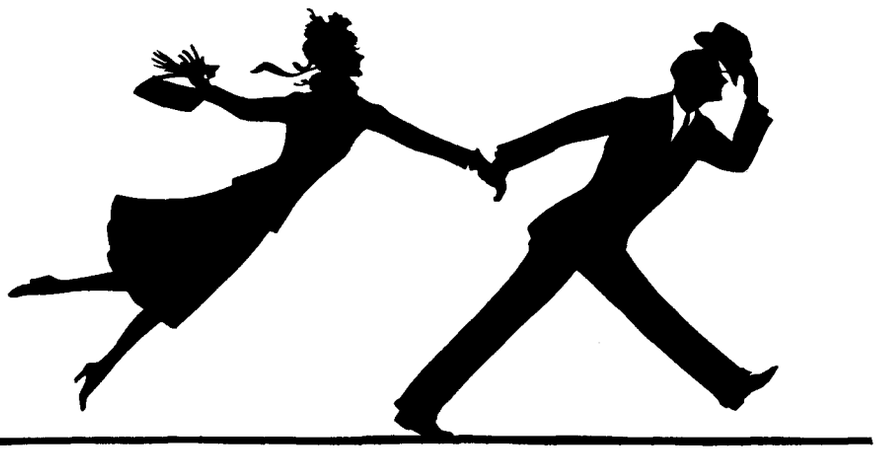
"What we've got to remember," one grave-looking prisoner said, rising, "is that it's better to die as free men than to live as slaves." Another urged that the speakers use simpler English in the future. He was one of the few men there who had a really tough face. He looked like a fatter, even more battered Maxie Rosenbloom. He was immensely serious. "I bet ninety per cent of the boys here didn't even finish grade schools," he said. "I know I didn't. But here you got to have at least high school to even understand what most of them are talking about. I say let them speak plainer and simpler from now on." He got a hand from the crowd.

Another man quoted an item to the effect that the Standard Oil Company of Illinois had discovered a new process for producing 110-octane gasoline. "That ought to cut out one of the bottlenecks," he said as he sat down. Still another praised the Goodrich Rubber Company for having salvaged thirty-four million pounds of rubber from old auto tires. "As much," he added, "as nine million rubber trees would produce." It was Mr. Connor who uttered the valedictory. "I just think," he said, surprisingly, "there's a saying by the poet Longfellow that would fit in here. 'Tell me not, in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream! For the

Men...they're wonderful!



FRUSTRATION: Henry is restless. Home isn't what it's pictured in the magazines. If he has to sit home nights and save money for taxes...he wants to sit pretty.



PRECIPITATION: Hennnreee! You may be way ahead of her, but *she's* known for years that Sloane has not only upper bracket furniture, but pretty daisy budget pieces. (A fine store like Sloane has its reputation to maintain...yes suh!)

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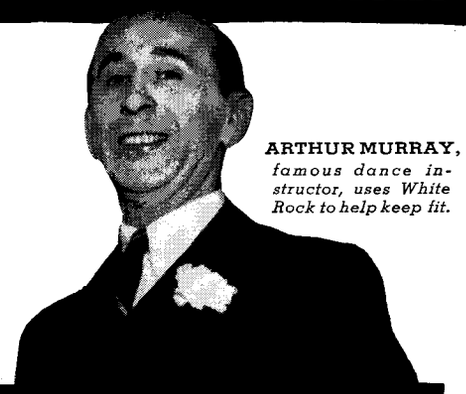

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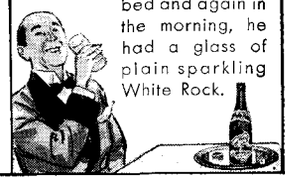
WHAT ARTHUR MURRAY DID:

Monday night he saw to it that his highballs were mixed with tangy White Rock.



Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain sparkling White Rock.

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soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.' "

There was an interval of perhaps five minutes while the speakers for the next session were selected, a process that partly involved volunteering and partly a kind of amiable dragooning on the part of Mr. Bowman and the audience. Then Mr. Bowman glanced at his wristwatch and rose. "I've said this before," he remarked quietly. "And I hope to say it at a good many sessions to come. We're not here to settle questions. What we're trying to do is to clarify them, develop them in our own minds. I hope we're succeeding. Time's up, boys." The men began filing into the hall and down the stairs leading out of the building.

I LEFT with Mr. Bowman. It was a cold, clear night, and when we got out in the compound most of the men were still there, making their way across it to their quarters. The lock step, I'd learned, was abandoned long ago at most prisons, and at Danbury the men are not even required to keep in formation as they go from place to place. "They can go any way they've a mind to," Mr. Dodd had told me, "so long as they get there." As the men went straggling in twos and threes across the dark rectangle of the compound toward the lighted prison windows beyond, the scene might have been any college campus and the prisoners a group of students strolling home after some evening event. Among the men who had paired off, I was interested to note, were Slater and Pruett, and the two were deep in a spirited but apparently friendly argument. "I was in the last war," I heard Pruett saying, "and I think now I was a fool to go. But damn it, this one is different. This time we got to beat Hitler."

"Maybe. Maybe," said Slater.

Mr. Bowman and I stood there for a few minutes, watching the scene and talking. Then we walked to the prison entrance. I reclaimed my car keys from the guard on duty there and said good night to Mr. Bowman. It was nearly ten o'clock when I reached my car, and on the instant of the hour all the lighted windows went dark. Only a series of floodlights were now burning, shining on the buildings and the ground outside. The place looked like a prison again.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Sun*]

WAR INVENTOR
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LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 8 (BY CABLE)

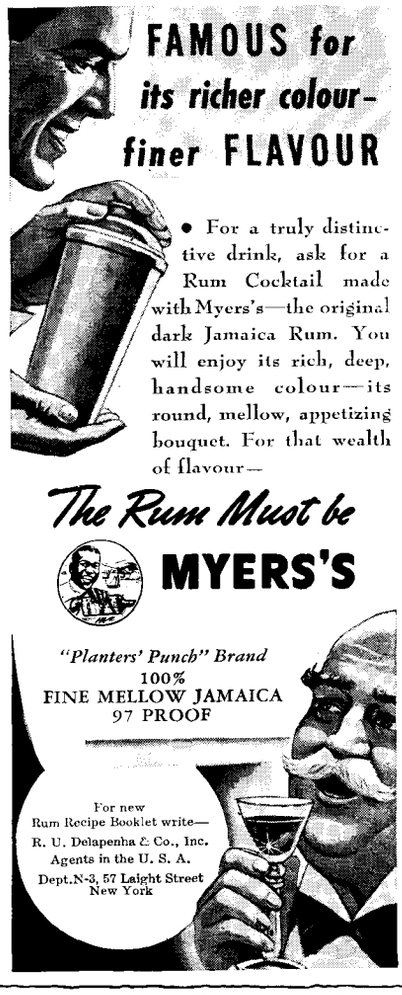
THE government crisis is over but the public uneasiness which brought it to a head hasn't abated noticeably. Last week's final tidying up of loose Ministerial ends was greeted with cheers by no one and even with a few sniffs from the press, which pointed out that a government that had introduced only ten new faces in the course of seventeen changes—and those mostly belonging to relatively unimportant undersecretaries—couldn't be said to have reconstructed itself along particularly dynamic lines.

Anyway, the public was in no mood for cheering, what with the news from the East going rapidly from worse to plain awful. It had been hoped that Java had been selected as the last ditch where the Japanese tour of aggrandizement might be checked—that tour which, like the itinerary of a prewar pleasure cruise, has already stopped over in Malaya for the picturesque rubber plantations and tin mines, and in Sumatra for the oil fields, and which is expected to look in shortly at Trincomalee and Port Darwin for the fine view that can be got from the harbors. By this weekend, hopes of delaying the tourists in Java longer than the Tokio timetable allowed hadn't quite gone but they weren't exactly rosy. Universal admiration for the Dutch has been accompanied by bitter regrets that more couldn't have been done to help them.

The abrupt announcement of complete Jap air supremacy over Java only heightened the extremely critical frame of mind in which the public had followed Wednesday's debate on the R.A.F. in an equally critically disposed House of Commons. Recent events have badly shaken the ordinary individual's confidence, not in the personnel or tactical efficiency of the Air Force but in the directing of general air strategy and supply. Naturally, all the questions couldn't be answered in public, but it is felt that the lengthy statement by the Air Secretary, Sir Archibald Sinclair, didn't completely settle the urgent one of the moment. Angry Britons can't figure out why, with an immense air force here to draw on, British troops should again and again have been forced to fall back in the East for lack of air support. It has been suggested that the success of General MacArthur's surprise attack on enemy shipping shows what brave men can do with only limited material resources, provided they're led by someone who fights with his head, and not a thick head, either. People think that if the Malayan campaign had thrown up only a few proofs of an equally resourceful up-and-at-'em spirit, its nature might have been entirely altered. It is certain that they would be feeling a good deal less sensitive about the whole sad business than they are at the moment. As a footnote to the current anxiety, a correspondence has been going on in the *Times* between scholastic gentlemen who have been arguing whether the upper-class public-school education and its insistence on character rather than intelligence haven't been responsible for the thuds of empire builders going down for the count instead of building, and whether, if Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, Singapore wasn't lost in its classrooms.

PLENTY of people consider that a lot of education in self-denial is certainly going to be necessary for everyone before it can be said that the war is being won in the parlors and kitchens of Britain. Among the intelligent of all classes, who feel that something is wrong though they can't tell what, there's a real and almost pathetic desire for a drastic tightening up in the daily war effort. The recent order that service uniforms and civilian utility clothing are to be cut with new economical skimpiness was a step in the right direction. However, Englishmen of limited means, who are going to be the chief consumers of these utility garments, would probably be even better pleased with the regulated single-breasted, pleatless suitings they're to get if they didn't know that the wealthier spenders can still order clothes regulated by nothing but the depth of their pocketbooks. Similarly, there was no grumbling about the hints of new rationing restrictions, which are regarded as a necessary outcome of the recent bad news, but the bulk of the population, always ready to pull in its belt without complaint, is reasonably resentful of the continued ability of the few to order an expensive meal in a restaurant that probably maintains the standard of its menu by means of back-door dickerings with the black market.

To date, the courts have been disappointingly lenient toward black-market racketeers, though the exasperated mood of the country as a whole is probably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White Shirts . . . $3 to $6 Khaki Shirts, $4.75 to $6
Neckties . . $1.50 and $2 Collars . . . . . 35¢ to 60¢
Wool Socks . . $1 to $2.50 Shoes . . . . $10.50 to $18
White Silk Mufflers, $3.50 Gloves $5
White Cotton Gloves, $1.50
Canvas Leggings, $1.25 Undress Belt, $7.25
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nearer to that of the irascible Labour M.P. who at intervals during the Parliamentary debate on the subject spluttered that his way of dealing with such gentry would be to put them up against a wall. The *Daily Express* has turned itself into an unofficial OGPU to expose the black market and, promising strict secrecy, has invited its readers to write in and tip it off about neighbors who may have bootleg hams in the attic and tins of petrol buried in the herbaceous border. One of the suggestions put forward during the food debate in Parliament was that a maximum price be fixed for all restaurant meals and that all luxury hotels be taken over and turned into clubs for the armed forces. If adopted, this is likely to add to the difficulty of finding accommodations in London, which is already fierce. Hotels and clubs are packed; flats which during the blitz period stood like gaunt and deserted cliff dwellings now have waiting lists of would-be tenants. So many of the big blocks of flats have been taken over by government departments that war workers in search of a small furnished apartment either can't find one or, if they can, are confronted with rents so steep that some sort of control seems indicated in the future.

THE Billancourt raid, though it is reported to have alarmed certain timid official circles, roused no sort of emotion among the sensible public except the feeling that it was a sort of aerial Oran—a painful job which had to be done and maybe should have been done before. Country dwellers say that the racket of British planes overhead that night was worse than anything they've heard since the night the Germans roared over on their way to bomb Coventry. It's a noise they hope to hear steadily and often, now that the weather, which has held up large-scale raids, can be expected to get better.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Hurried plans are being made today by Dave Orozco, former Muir Tech and Pasadena J. C. athlete, for departure to Baltimore, Md., where he has accepted a statistician position with the Social Security Board.

He has been employed with the city here, and plans to leave tomorrow. His wife, the former Martha Boegeman, expects a blessed event sometime next month. His many friends probably will be surprised to learn the news, which came to him without warning.—*Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News.*

You got to be ready for anything these days.

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SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, PLEASE

TWENTY years ago I was a blank, musically. Born and raised in a small city, I was never, as a child, taken to the opera or to the symphony. I never even took piano. My family was not musical. As a child I delighted in "Sweet Marie." When I grew older, I was fond of songs like "After the Ball" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and when I went to the first World War I could sing "There's a Long, Long Trail" and "Madelon" in French as well as English. But if you had asked me then if I liked Beethoven's Fifth, I would have asked, "Fifth what?"

Then came the radio, and the great composers swept into my home. Every night I sat listening to the music of Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and all the others, and the more I heard of it the better I liked it. As the critics and commentators on the programs seized my ear and held it, I also began to learn about the composers. I learned about their births, loves, frustrations, struggles, diseases, marriages, friends, and other facts. The commentators made me musically sophisticated; they changed my whole existence, and their technique impressed me so much that this winter I came to a decision. I determined to get a commentator to put me over big as a lawyer by the same methods he had used to popularize Beethoven.

So last week, when I tried a case, I went into court with my critic and commentator, a man with whose work on the radio you are familiar. I was defending, and at the close of the plaintiff's case my critic and commentator rose and addressed the jury.

"Robert Hale, who will try this case for the defendant, was born in this very city on November 29, 1889," he said. "The brick house where he first saw the light of day is still standing. Educated at our common schools, he early gave evidence of the commanding legal talents which have so brilliantly distinguished his later years. These talents matured and ripened in his college and law-school years, so that when he was called to the bar his reputation was already established. In his examination of witnesses this afternoon, you will hear him in moments of characteristic inspiration. His examination of witnesses will imprint on your minds his image of the truth to guide you in this case. With a challenging simplicity of phrase, he will outline his case. His interrogation of the witnesses will destroy everything the plaintiff has led you to believe. In Mr. Hale's seeming artlessness, you will see the genius of the true master. And now Mr. Hale is rising to address the court. He is putting on his glasses. In a moment you will hear him."

But somehow my case didn't go as well as usual, and when the jury returned after a short deliberation it was to bring in a thumping verdict for the plaintiff.

WHEN, accompanied by my critic and commentator, I got back to my office, I found an old client, George Wilberforce, waiting for me to organize a corporation. George was considerably indebted to me for past endeavors. Accordingly, I felt comfortably confident when my critic and commentator rose and spoke:

"Robert Hale, who will organize this corporation, was born in this very city on the twenty-ninth day of November, 1889. The brick house at 763 Congress Street, where he first saw the light of day, is still standing. Educated at our common schools, he early gave evidence of the commanding legal talents which have so brilliantly distinguished his later years. These talents matured and ripened in his college and law-school years, and when he was called to the bar his professional reputation may already be said to have been established. Indeed, it is now recognized that the whole development of American jurisprudence owes much to the range and sweep of Mr. Hale's intellect. If it can be said that there is any field of law in which Mr. Hale has an especial preëminence, it is in the field of corporate organization and reorganization. Before Mr. Hale had been at the bar for two years, he had organized more corporations than many lawyers in a long lifetime. Mr. Hale has his pencil in hand and is now about to make notes of the corporate purposes for the certificate of organization."

"Sorry, old man," said George Wilberforce, rising and picking up his hat. "I'm not feeling so well this afternoon. If you don't mind, I'll let this thing drop, for the time being anyway. So long."

I WALKED home a little discouraged, none the less so for remembering that it was the cook's night out.

No sooner had I reached the house

For woman's double rôle in wartime—hours of duty; hours of beauty—Flexees will serve you well: under trim uniform or glamour frocks. Flexees bring your body new support at arduous tasks; an exquisite silhouette for leisure or party hours. Ask your corsetiere for Flexees—girdles and combinations—$5.95 to $18.50.

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Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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The habitual "winter-cruiser" will find New York an island paradise that merits a thorough exploration this year. The city offers you untold treasures and the world's best entertainment.

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than my wife's voice rang out from the kitchen. "Sit down in the dining room, darling," she said. "I'll soon be ready."

I did so, and as I sat down a strange man came in through the pantry door and addressed me.

"The dinner you are about to eat," he said, "is being cooked by Agnes Burke Hale, born in Morristown, New Jersey, in the closing years of the nineteenth century. Her early life was a struggle for survival and supremacy in a large family. Thus faced with the problem of personality survival, she applied her energies to the gastronomic art, achieving such success that at the age of ten she made fudge steadily and at fifteen achieved a chocolate cake. Her parents took this all in good part and sent her to Barnard College, and she later fought in the World War on the Allied side. Her style is reminiscent of Tunney's, scientific but smooth.

"The meal which is about to be served this evening is of two parts. The first part consists of a hamburg steak, mashed potatoes, and spinach, the second part of raspberry jelly. The hamburg steak is an adaptation to American folkways of a European motif in steaks. This particular hamburg was purchased at the West Street Market.

"The West Street Market was founded by Homer McCrim at about the time this country was rocking with the Hayes-Tilden controversy. Traces of that melee are on the floor. The business was later carried on by his son Patrick (1904-1927) and more recently by the grandson, James (born 1901), under whose management it has become affiliated with the I.G.A. system and completely mechanized.

"The particular cut of hamburg to be served this evening—"

I rose from the table and walked out into the kitchen. "Darling," I said to my wife, "you must be tired. What do you say we go out to Langley's and try their sixty-cent special?"

"O.K.," said the loyal little woman, dropping the mashed potatoes.

—Robert Hale

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(DISASTER DIVISION)

[From PM]

Every casualty treated will be tagged for information of police, other physicians, and social welfare agencies. Symbols will be drawn prominently in red on the forehead of the patients at casualty stations as follows:

U Urgent, requiring immediate affection.

TK Tourniquet.

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THE RACE TRACK

One for the Seers

ONLY someone good at predicting the outcome of a state of utter confusion could have guessed that The Rhymer would win the Widener Handicap, which closed Hialeah last weekend. As a matter of fact, this colt of Mrs. Payne Whitney's wouldn't even have started in the race if War Relic hadn't hurt a leg at almost the last minute, leaving Arcaro, who was engaged to ride him, without a thing to do. Having an idle jockey and horse on his hands, John Gaver, who trains the Whitney stable and loathes inaction, decided to put both to work. Then Arcaro tried to wheedle Meade, booked to ride Attention, into exchanging mounts with him, but this didn't work out for several reasons, the chief one of which was that Meade thought Attention couldn't miss winning. Even during the race, Arcaro, convinced that he hadn't much chance, kept getting out of the way of other riders, which is something he usually does not do. Not until he was three furlongs from home, with The Rhymer running like anything, did he dream he'd be in the money.

The Rhymer, assuming you've never given him a second thought up to now, as you probably haven't, is a rangy four-year-old by St. Germans out of Rhythmic, who in turn is by Royal Minstrel. See where he gets his name? He didn't race at two because of arrested development or anemia or something, for which he was given transfusions. His first appearance was at Hialeah last winter. People still remember it. He had worked so fast that he was the tip of the week, and then finished out of the money. Later he surprised those who had dismissed him from consideration by being third in the Flamingo Stakes. He has done better in Florida than anywhere else. His share of the Widener purse was $53,950, which is more money than a Greentree Stable horse has won in a single race since the heyday of my pet, Twenty Grand. The Rhymer was around 30–1 in the future books on the Widener.

AN extraordinary number of good horses ran disappointingly last Saturday. Maybe they were trained too finely and were a little tired. I wouldn't know. Whatever it was that bothered them in the Widener, Attention fizzled, Market Wise never got going, and Mioland seemed hexed. Curiously, Charlie Howard's runners have no luck whenever Jockey Wall rides against them in an important race. Remember when Esposa beat Seabiscuit in the Bowie Handicap? Wall rode Esposa in that race. Remember when Stagehand beat Seabiscuit in the Santa Anita Handicap? Wall was riding Stagehand. Remember the time Seabiscuit was raced off his feet by Today and went lame? You guessed it; Wall rode Today. Well, Wall finished third on Olympus in the Widener, and Howard's Mioland ran ninth. It's worth pondering if you're at all superstitious. I must say that Alsab amazed me. Nobody imagined that he'd so much as start, and he didn't look well, yet for a moment in the stretch I fancied he'd win.

YOU can count on your fingers the number of good two-year-olds who ran at Hialeah this season. Most of the fanfare was for Kopla, who won a division of the Hialeah Juvenile Stakes (there were so many entries it had to be run in two sections), although a nice colt named True North won the other half in faster time. Others you might remember for Tropical Park are Bullpen, whom Coldstream Stable leased to Miss Mary Jo Corral for the Dinner Stakes, which he obligingly won; Wise Bob, whom Mrs. Louis Lazare picked up for $3,000 and has already refused $5,000 for; and Very Snooty, who is very fast. Racing will continue at Tropical until April 11th, but I have to see a man about a horse.

HAVE you ever tried picking something to run last in a race, any race at all? In one of his rare philanthropic moods, Diogenes Checkpoints recently suggested the idea to Gurnee Munn, who collects betting systems. For weeks now Munn has been marking down the longest shots—horses that are lame, horses wearing bandages as big as plaster casts, horses ridden by the most inexpert apprentices. So far, not one has finished last. Occasionally they even have come in ahead of the favorites.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Tuck a tangerine inside a pitted date and broil to serve as a garnish for beef or duck.—*The Times.*

Or just tuck a pitted duck inside a tangerine.

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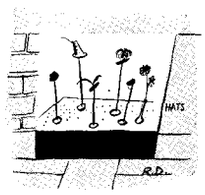
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



SO many of the elements which were present in fashion during, and for some years after, the last war have been creeping back into the scene these past few seasons that I began to fret this winter lest we were in for a horrible revival. The tendency toward the "long-torso" line and the rapidly shortening skirt looked as if they might easily bring about that ugliest of silhouettes, the 1918 monstrosity, which persisted for a decade and made an oblong box of a woman's body by means of a belt worn below the hips and a skirt reaching barely to the knees.

A view of the first of the spring collections, by such leaders in design as Saks-Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman and Bendel, has allayed these fears; it reveals a cheering fondness for the long-legged look, with waistlines at the normal place. Saks' Salon Moderne proudly shows suits with jackets that end right at the waistline. Among these is a little navy wool one that has a full skirt below a tight waistband and a snug jacket lined with tucked white marquisette, which also composes a frothy blouse that shows just a bit between jacket and skirt in back. Another suit, of cinnamon-brown wool with a pale-blue marquisette blouse, has a jacket fastening with three buttons down the diaphragm and meeting the skirt so trimly that the result gives the effect of a tailored dress. The same color combination appears in brown redingotes over prints with pale-blue grounds and looks heavenly. Bergdorf Goodman's collection includes several suits (in broadcloth, heavy shantung, or pin-striped navy wool) with jackets that have long revers coming down to a nipped-in one-button fastening at the waist and extend only a little below this; the skirts are very full and circular and create that long-limbed appearance by being, like the other daytime skirts here, a good two or three inches lower than the ones you are accustomed to. Bendel's pet gray tweed gives you a jacket that reaches well below the hipbone but carefully avoids falling into the long-torso category. For evening, judging from what I've seen, the ballet-length dress has vanished, at least temporarily, and with it the immediate threat of short evening dresses, though Bergdorf shows one enchanting off-the-shoulder black marganza, with pink flowers at the waistline, that comes just to the ankles instead of splashing on the floor.

I was also happy to note in the first few collections I got around to that the Uniform had not made its way into high fashion—not even Chanel's schoolgirl uniform of the twenties. There seem to be more so-called classic tailored suits than ever before. Bendel's are not alone in avoiding a mannish look, no matter how masculine the flannels they're made of. There is not a trace of gold braid or phony insignia on them; the designers have even spurned the combinations of red, white, and blue

"It's like I told you. Every time I demonstrate these dinner chimes, he comes tearing up."

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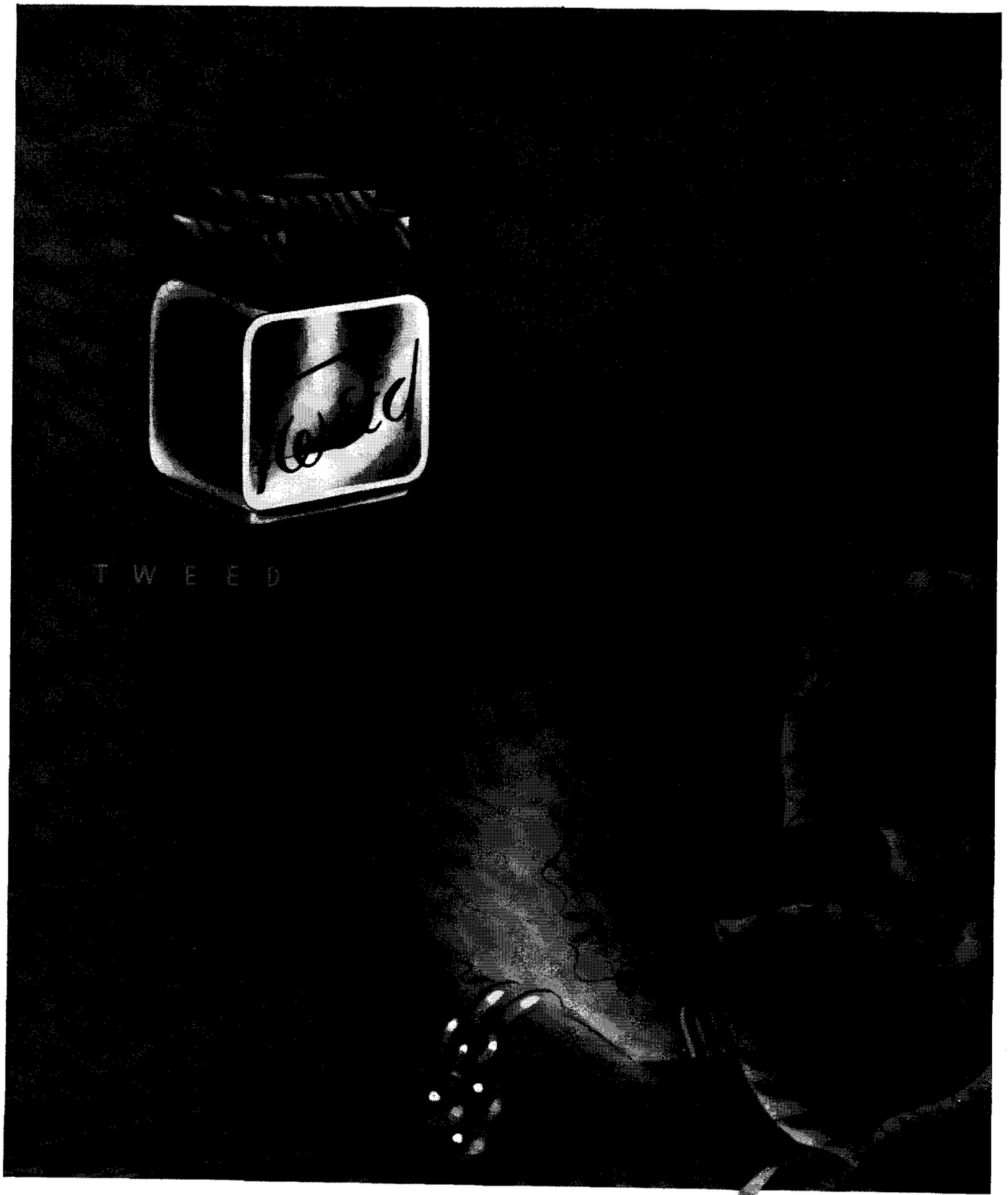

Lenthéric *perfumes*

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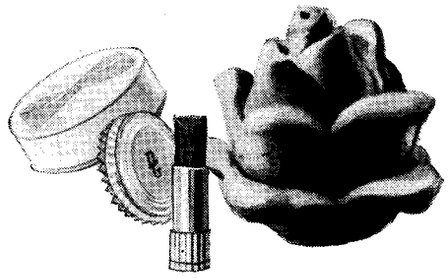

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DOROTHY GRAY
683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
American design of Beauty

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that in other years have always thrived at this season. The closest approach to a military aspect I've yet come across is in some lovely waist-length, wide-hooded capes at Bergdorf which match a slim gray flannel dress for daytime or a navy-blue jersey dinner affair. The new clothes are basically trim and simple in line, but they conceal their practicality with the most explosive and imaginative touches that I have seen in years. I hadn't dared to hope they'd be as good as this. I should have had Faith.

EXCEPT for those waist-length jackets and an occasional flaring peplum, Saks' Salon Moderne clings to simply cut suits that have broad shoulders, nipped-in waists, and jackets which extend to the hipbone, but with these fundamentals their sameness ends. A wool suit, for example, comes in the brightest cerise imaginable outside of Harlem. Its blouse is a print of cerise roses on a bright-green ground, and the print also lines its jacket, a typical touch around here; roses cut from the print are applied over one hipbone on the skirt, which is not typical, for on both two-piece suits and plain-coat-and-print-dress ensembles such appliqué is more likely to appear on lapels and pockets, as in the past. One suit, which has become famous overnight, is characteristic in several ways of the Saks offerings: its black wool jacket is trim and waist length, the upper part of its dress is completely sheer down to the straight-around top of a black slip, and its skirt of black marquisette has a wide wool border. It couldn't be saucier.

Some all-print suits, you will find, have jackets which have been quilted in subtle fashion, a trick that is used extensively in the evening things as well; others have ruffles of net or lace on their lapels to match the sheer, peekaboo blouses that, whether dainty or downright outrageous, are all over the place. Some of these sheer blouses are too much for me, but a black faille dress with a sheer lace yoke and a jacket, or a taffeta suit with black net edging its flaring peplum, probably wouldn't be too frightening in a cocktail lounge.

Saks' *femme-fatale* contribution to evening magnificence is a slinky affair of black crêpe with a huge taffeta bow just behind one knee. At the other extreme, look at bouffant dresses of white piqué or white embroidered organdie, the latter of which has a ridiculous red rose on the pocket in front and one on each of the grosgrain streamers of its sash.

BERGDORF GOODMAN have acquired a passion for box jackets, in tweeds or in the softest of wools, that are straight-hanging, just-below-hip length, and sometimes double-breasted. For sports, a reddish-brown wool jacket of this type accompanies a gray flannel skirt and a pale-blue shirting blouse, left open to the waist to show a pale-pink sweater. Box jackets appear again and again—in purplish tweed over a two-piece jumper dress made of a lightweight wool of the same color, in hyacinth-blue wool over a purple-and-white crêpe off-to-the-races dress with a pleated skirt, in beige duvetyn over the simplest black wool dress in town, and in black tweed over an afternoon black-and-white mushroom print dress that is gathered up at the middle and has a turnover collar with a grosgrain tie.

This collar-and-tie effect, incidentally, is one of the current Bergdorf trademarks. From the hollow of the throat, the collar arches out toward either shoulder and ends in points; grosgrain ribbon (pink and blue, say, on a simple black dress) emerges from under either side of the collar to tie under the chin. A beautiful navy-blue tweed princesse coat, with a mink scarf ending in tails which tie under the chin, presents one variation of this arrangement. A lovely navy wool suit with a one-button fastening has a new trick of another variety—a crocheted bib, with a looped-fringe edge, swings across the chest; it's reddish brown to match the round-necked gilet worn underneath. This crocheted-bib-and-gilet idea, with gloves to match, is also worked out, in white this time, on a perfect formal tailleur of heavy black matelassé in a diamond pattern.

Cal

The day skirts here, longer than most, may be as narrow as possible or swing out wide. Several suggest the Vionnets of old, such as a belted one, soft and swirling, in a print with a black ground and peas spilling out of pods to make a polka-dot pattern. A black crêpe day dress also gave me acute nostalgia because of the way two folds of the fabric are knotted down along the low V of its neck and then cross and go around the waist to form a belt. There is a dinner-dress version of this dress in navy jersey, too, with a deep fold down the centre-front of the skirt. You will, as always, see quantities of navy-and-white

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combinations—and look at the smoky-blue nylon stockings the shop advocates to go with navy costumes.

For evening, nothing ever makes Bergdorf happier than a tubular dress that is slit to the knee in front and has a neckline which plunges downward to a bunch of flowers at the waistline. In Bergdorf's new collection this broken line is emphasized by such tricks as having fat, three-tiered peplums of marquisette come down to a point just below the hips in front. You'll also note a novel approach to fringe in the design of a sheath dress of navy-blue sheer, on which fringe is wrapped around one hip.

BENDEL treasures quiet, slim dresses, like one of pale-gold wool jersey with drum buttons and a straight, short jacket; Bendel is true to Molyneux traditions, offering tubular dresses of navy wool that have straight jackets and slender insets of white piqué; Bendel likes a heavy silk, along Molyneux lines, for tailored print suits. One of this last group is a green-and-white checked affair that has a collarless jacket and a skirt with inverted cluster pleats.

This shop shares with other experts the opinion that though the majority of women will want most of their evening clothes to be of the covered-up, "dinner" type this year, everyone will also want at least one dreamy dress. Thus Bendel shows one of the loveliest white organza gowns you've ever seen, with a plain, short-sleeved top and a full skirt stiffened by white lace appliqué that has delicate black embroidery outlining its floral pattern. Another short-sleeved white organza has a shirtwaist top with a youthful convertible neck and rust-pink dahlias painted on its skirt; this sort of top also appears on a bright blue lace dress with a band of matching organza, tiny buttons and all, down the front. Bendel loves gray and pale-beige chiffon, as in a dress with spidery tucks down to the hips and a circular skirt floating below, or in another of pale-blue crêpe with a bateau neckline and a crocheted metallic ruff across the shoulders.

For sophisticates, there is a dinner suit of pale-lavender-and-black checked tie silk, in which the dress has a V décolletage and slight wings over the shoulders and the jacket is tailored like a man's dinner ditto. The Bendel lady-spy contribution is made of black silk jersey and consists of a high-necked, long-sleeved top with three big green buttons down the front and a slender skirt, which is clinging except where

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big pockets flare out low on each side. Finally, nobody handles sheer black better than they do here. Look at a net dress that is shirred from the shoulder straps to the hips, at which point great cartwheels of the shirred net ornament the full skirt, front and back. Another dress, of black chiffon, has appliquéd and tucked lace on its skirt and short sleeves; it's a connoisseur's delight.

ALL in all, it doesn't seem likely that the boys on furlough will come home to girls dressed like tentmates at camp. Which won't, I imagine, be a blow to anyone, boy or girl. —L. L.

•

THE SUGARING

In our ten new pails
The clear sap ran.
Pail after pail
We brought to the pan
That served as the top
Of the rough stone stove
We'd built in the heart
Of the maple grove.
And there the clear sap
Turned a golden brown
As its steam curled up
In the boiling down.
When the spouts dripped fast
We worked with haste;
When they dripped slow
We lingered to taste
By some musical pail
At the foot of a tree
That our auger had pierced
Till the sap came free.
The day would fade,
The night would come.
In a filmlike gloom
We'd skim the scum
And feed the fire
With wood gone dry,
That once drew sap
Up toward the sky.
We'd work and rest,
We'd dream and doze
Till the east became
A great red rose.
Sometimes cold winds
Would whip the trees.
Then the sap would stop
In the spouts and freeze.
At last there came
Such a day of sun
That it opened the buds
And ended the run.
At the very root,
At the spring of the spring,
We finished our season
Of sugaring.

—WADE VAN DORE

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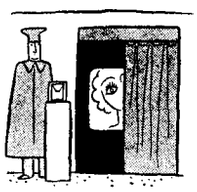
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The War in Fact and Fiction

APPARENTLY it is not true, as some had begun to suspect, that the newsreel people as a group have walked out on the war and refused to note any occasion except a gathering of celebrities in high spirits. There comes along just at this moment, when our general irritation with the mild camera work displayed during this most pictorial of all eras in history was beginning to sizzle over in many an outspoken complaint, what is announced as the first of a series of news pictures and what is surely an appeasing and satisfactory antidote to our impatience. The series promised us is called "The World in Action" and, judging by "Churchill's Island," the first shown us—a twenty-minute compilation of various shots, including some German ones grabbed from their owners on the way to the German Embassy here—the cameramen have been busier than we had been allowed to suspect. "Churchill's Island" has a thoroughness about it which makes us believe that we are being told all. It shows England's great defenses, not alone along the cliffs of Dover but within the inland towns, along the downs, and, for that matter, reaching far out into the spaces of the Atlantic. Thanks to the German acquisitions, we also have a glimpse of the big guns across the Channel and of the preparations on that side. The blending of these varied scenes has been smoothly managed, making a film that should not be missed. Even spies in our midst—those big, operatic blondes, such as we moviegoers know, are all around us—may find it impressive.



THAT comedy could be planted in Warsaw at the time of its fall, of its conquest by the Nazis, and not seem too incongruous to be endured is a Lubitsch triumph. In "To Be or Not to Be" the big joke is on the Gestapo, with occasional interpolated, rather clumsy slaps at Hitler, and not, of course, on the horror and the catastrophe. There is also something a trifle clumsy in the impersonation by one actor of Hitler, with that little-mustache business and so on again. Mostly, though, the affair is light and neatly comic as the story unrolls of the impact the invasion has upon a theatrical troupe. The stars of this troupe are married—Polish Lunts, so to speak—and their mutual jealousies, professional and personal, thrive even in the national crisis. The husband's pet rôle is Hamlet, and since he is played by Jack Benny, we may regret that we don't get more of the great soliloquy. It is always cut short by a young flier who invariably leaves the theatre, from a seat in the front row, at the first words. He has a purpose, this young man, for now he may be sure that for a moment he and the actor's wife will not be interrupted. This wife is Carole Lombard in her last part, and never has she seemed so pretty and so bright, and at every moment that we see her she beguiles us away by her own skill, artistry, and beauty from any reflection that is not cheerful and light. She herself won't let us mourn.

TWO other comedies of less ambitious effort may be discovered around town. A fanciful thing, with the ghost of Andrew Jackson as an important character and a covey of notable spirits from the netherworld, such as Washington and Franklin, "The Remarkable Andrew" is really just about a bookkeeper in a small town. This young man (William Holden) is so conscientious that he needs mature advice and gets it from the other world in a fashion to make civic groups think he is out of his head. The comedy is not too reverent about the great dead, and it will divert well-fed, good-natured, easygoing citizens of small demands.

The Abbott-Costello team doesn't let grass grow under its feet and is about again now in "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," a composition with dude-ranch predicaments. I myself never find the house convulsed by their antics and their squeaks, though that may be, I must acknowledge, because I go, as it happens, just after lunch—at the siesta hour, as we call it on Broadway—and everyone is rather apathetic. The tea-time public is said to be insane about them.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

It was a marriage of souls. They were very different in temperament and, though they had seven children and a great many adventurous experiences together, they led utterly separate lives.—*The Herald Tribune Books.*

It's uncanny.

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THE ART GALLERIES

War and the Artist

WAR, these days, is a big word, ugly, dangerous, insistent, and it keeps growing uglier, more dangerous, and more insistent hourly. Moreover, as it grows, it becomes broader and darker in significance; like a storm cloud that spreads till its edges are lost beyond the horizon, its meaning now seems to reach out and cover everything. When did this war start, anyway? On December 7th, with the attack on Pearl Harbor? But that was just the event that got us actively into the conflict. Did it start with the German invasion of Poland? Before that there were Munich and Czecho-Slovakia; there were "incidents" in Manchukuo and China; there was a war in Spain. There were a man named Hitler and another named Mussolini, a revolution in Russia and a world depression. To those who believe that wars have a background in economics, it sometimes seems that the first World War never stopped and the great crash of 1929 was one of the major actions in the struggle.

I bring all this up in connection with the big new show of American etchings, lithographs, and other prints at the Whitney Museum, in an effort to suggest why I found the exhibit so disappointing. "Between Two Wars," it is called, and I am not quarrelling with the title; dates are arbitrary things, and since the range of the exhibition is from 1914 to 1941, it seems reasonable enough, if only for the dramatic effect obtained, to use the two war declarations as signposts at the ends. There can be little complaint, either, about the technical quality of the work, for of the two hundred and sixty-odd items the majority are in this respect unexceptionable. What I do object to is the tone of the show as a whole as set by the subjects selected; this is so mealy-mouthed and "polite" in character as to give what seems to me a totally false idea of the period under survey.

For if American artists, and especially printmakers, were doing anything throughout those years, they were protesting not politely and often violently, and though a good deal of their protests were awkward in style, they were aimed, we see now, at errors and evils that were to prove of paramount importance in shaping the things to come. Furthermore, there were some among these men who succeeded in raising their protests to the level of high artistic statement. I am thinking of such people as William Gropper, with his biting political commentaries, and Reginald Marsh, with his burlesque-show and Bowery ironies, as well as Louis Lozowick, Elizabeth Olds, and others—artists who, though dissimilar in manner and method, still managed collectively to lift printmaking from the dreary round of the merely quaint and the picturesque into which it had fallen at the start of the century and give it a vigor and immediacy that it had not possessed since the days of Daumier.

Theirs, I think, was one of the principal artistic contributions of our times, and this show missed its main chance when it failed to portray their accomplishment adequately. To be sure, all the artists I've mentioned are included in the exhibition. But with the exception of Gropper, whose "For the Record" is one of the best of his congressional studies, they are mainly represented by untypical examples. Marsh's "Steeplechase" is far from his best, while Elizabeth Olds, who can picture men and machines with a vividness few others can equal, has a quite inconsequential color print called "Merry-Go-Round." For the rest, there are a delicately handled little cityscape by Jerome Myers called "On Oak St.," a sparkling early John Sloan etching called "Night Windows," and the big, grim "Dance in a Madhouse" by George Bellows, all worthy of note. Among the work by younger men, I liked best James McConnell's fine color print called "Street Corner" and Dewey Albinson's clean, spacious lithograph, "Sheep Ranch, Montana." In view of its size and scope, the show is, of course, worth seeing. But as a survey of a period, and particularly of the artists' reactions to the events of that period, it falls far short of the mark.

WAR figures in another exhibition this week, or at least flickers around its edges. At the Pierre Matisse, under the heading "Artists in Exile," they are showing works by twelve painters and two sculptors, all formerly of the School of Paris and now here for the duration. I found the show curiously moving and at the same time encouraging—moving because even as one looks at the pieces one can hardly help thinking of the hardships and personal upheavals the makers of many of them had to go through to get to this country, encouraging because of the stimulation the presence of these artists must almost unquestionably bring to our art.

Not all the work is of equal quality. Apart from its vague *trompe-l'œil* pretensions, Tchelichew's "The Green Lion" seems a rather vapid creation, and the André Breton fabrication of cardboard, pins, and bits of glass called "Poem-Object, Portrait of the Actor AB" is no more than a frail hangover from the days of Dada. A good many of the surrealists in the group show traces of the staleness of imagination and the tendency to substitute mere trickery for true inventiveness which were beginning to characterize the French branch of this movement even before the war began. Against this, however, one has the solid strength of Léger's "Study for the Divers" and the fine bronze "The Rape of Europa II" by Lipchitz, not to mention Max Ernst's brooding, oddly ominous "Europe after the Rain" and the impeccable abstract "Picture" by Mondrian. Though we may end this war rich in nothing else, it begins to look as if we'll at least be rich in artists, and that, to my mind, is a form of wealth which never did any nation harm.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Section 504 of the Internal Revenue Code*]

For the purposes of this subchapter the term "undistributed subchapter A net income" means the subchapter A net income (as defined in section 505) minus—

(a) The amount of the dividends paid credit provided in Section 27 (a) without the benefit of paragraphs (3) and (4) thereof (computed without its reduction, under section 27 (b) (1), by the amount of the credit provided in section 26 (a), relating to interest on certain obligations of the United States and Government corporations); but, in the computation of the dividends paid credit for the purposes of this subchapter, the amount allowed under subsection (c) of this section or of section 405 of the Revenue Act of 1938 in the computation of the tax under this subchapter or under Title IA of the Revenue Act of 1938 for any preceding taxable year beginning after December 31, 1937, shall be considered as a dividend paid in such preceding taxable year and not in the year of distribution, and, in the computation of the dividend carry-over for the purposes of this subchapter, the term "adjusted net income" as used in section 27 (c) means the adjusted net income minus the deduction allowed for Federal taxes under section 505 (a) (1).

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UNLISTED PHONE

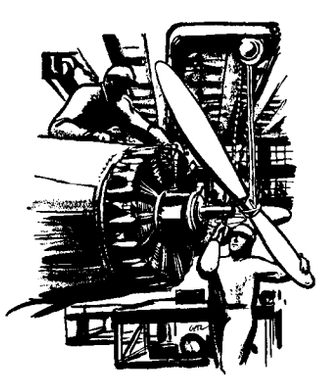
A FEW weeks ago my husband and I spent a brief vacation in New York. My brother-in-law, who was in Florida on a fishing trip, had lent us his apartment, overlooking the East River. When we arrived at the building with our baggage, we were afraid he might have forgotten to leave a key with the superintendent, but he hadn't. The doorman and the elevator boy were positively cordial, and I felt proud to be related by marriage to such a highly desirable tenant as my brother-in-law. The only thing he had forgotten was to tell us his telephone number, which is not listed in the directory. My brother-in-law is a publicity man and appreciates the value of privacy.

We arrived on a Friday and did not discover the omission until Saturday morning, when I started to call an aunt who lives in New Jersey. First I looked up the rate in the front of the book and deposited thirty cents on the telephone stand. Then I called the operator and told her the New Jersey number I wanted. She repeated it and asked, "Your number, please?" I looked at the place on the telephone where the number should have been, and it wasn't there.

"Why, it doesn't seem to be here," I said.

"*Your* number, please?" she repeated impatiently.

I put my hand over the mouthpiece and shouted to my husband in the next room to ask him what the telephone number was. He didn't know. I tried to explain this anomalous situation to the operator, who was coldly unsympathetic. I looked at the thirty cents on the telephone stand, evidence that my intentions were honest, but the operator couldn't see the coins. She refused to put the call through. I tried Information and the chief operator. Neither of them was of any help or made me feel that I could get anywhere by carrying the investigation further. I hung up, dressed, and went around the corner to a drugstore to call my aunt from a pay phone. This time the call went through without difficulty, but almost the first thing my aunt wanted to know was my telephone number. I explained to her, and while she was more tolerant than the telephone operator, she plainly thought it very odd of me not to know.



I was beginning to feel apologetic about it myself. There is something about not knowing your own telephone number that contributes alarmingly to a feeling of insecurity. Psychiatrists ought to look into it. Added to the fact that some of our favorite restaurants had disappeared without leaving a trace and that the lions in front of the Public Library were clean, it made my husband and me feel that strangers had preëmpted New York, which should have been ours by right of our idyllic youth in Greenwich Village.

Every old friend we called up asked us (1) how we liked the Middle West, (2) how long we were going to be in town, (3) what was our telephone number. We explained with decreasing whimsy and a good deal of unconvincing laughter. My brother-in-law had not given us any address where we could reach him, and his office, after the manner of the best New York offices, was not open on Saturday. Monday morning we would find out, but until then we had to call people; they couldn't call us.

My aunt, unable to resign herself to the situation, spent a small fortune on telegrams trying to reëstablish communication. The attempt was vain, because we were running around New York enjoying ourselves.

Monday morning, fairly early, the telephone rang. We jumped and looked at each other as if we had been a couple of burglars caught in the act of looting the apartment. It couldn't be for us, we decided, and there was no use in answering. But we are not very strong-willed, and after about the tenth ring my husband picked up the receiver.

The caller was a Mrs. Abbott from Chicago; she was at the Plaza and wanted to speak to my brother-in-law's wife. My husband explained that she was in Florida and dragged the conversation out a bit, making it clear that our presence in the apartment was legitimate. With true wifely helpfulness, I waited until he had hung up before I said, "Didn't you ask her for the number?" Of course I knew that he hadn't; I had heard every word he said.

"Call her back," I said.

"Oh, hell," he objected.

"Then I will," I said firmly, and I did. I got through to her at once, and I explained our awkward situation.

"Dickie's number?" she said. "You want Dickie's number? I'm awfully sorry, but I don't know it."

"You don't understand," I said. "This is Dickie's sister-in-law. I'm at her apartment. You called here just now, so we know you must know the number. And we don't. They forgot to tell us."

"It must have been somebody else," she said. "I don't know Dickie's number."

I thanked her and hung up, looking at my husband in dismay. By this time neither of us would have tackled my brother-in-law's office for any money. If he kept his number that secret, it was most unlikely that anyone there would feel free to make exceptions in favor of out-of-town relatives.

THE telephone didn't ring again until Wednesday, the morning of the day we were going to leave. Remembering Mrs. Abbott, we let it go longer that time, but after the thirteenth ring I gave in and answered. It was my brother-in-law, calling from Grand Central to see if he could come over and change his socks. We hurried to vacate his bedroom and welcome him home with proper gratitude. He came in looking tanned and healthy from the Florida sun. We had to hear about tarpon-fishing and the unseasonable cold before we could tell him about the telephone.

"Oh, that," he said grandly. "It saves a lot of annoyance."

We agreed that in his circumstances it must be true. Then he gave us the number, and although we were going home that afternoon, I wrote it down on a piece of paper and put it in my purse. I found it there yesterday when I was looking over last year's purses for salvage. It bore no name or other identification, but I can never forget whose telephone number it is.

—ANNA MARY WELLS

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HOME IS WHERE . . .

So that you may enjoy your meal in a more homelike atmosphere we have provided a hatrack under your chair.—*Notice in a Lexington Avenue cafeteria.*

Home is where the hat is
Underneath the chair.
Cozy custom, that is;
Some, in fact, declare
"Welcome" on the mat is
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One can know his hat is
Underneath his chair.

—AL GRAHAM

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Revisions in Review

QUITE a spell of second editions we've been having in the concert halls lately, and in at least one theatre. For instance, in Carnegie Hall the New York City WPA Symphony introduced the full-sized version of Vittorio Giannini's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue, which hitherto had been heard hereabouts as a smaller work for string band. This second edition was robust, expert music, and in spite of some instrumental fumbling, it came through, under the enthusiastic direction of Henri Pensis, to the enjoyment of the clientele. The concert also turned up a smacko performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Miss Erica Morini, who was brilliant without being ostentatious and lyrical without being confectionery.

At the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts, Eugene Goossens unveiled an orchestral version of his own Phantasy for string sextet—an enlargement of chamber music by a multiplication of violins, violas, and 'celli and the addition of basses. Mr. Goossens' attractive and skillfully devised Phantasy drew a slick showing from the Philharmonic-Symphony fiddlers. The whole ensemble got together with Mr. Goossens for an equally good exhibition of an entirely new work, the first symphony of Richard Mohaupt. The symphony was described in the program as a series of variations on a rhythm—a promise whose fulfillment you might have anticipated with understandable apprehension. It worked out well, however, because the composer not only knows how to write ingeniously for orchestra but isn't afraid of letting humor get into his music. Yehudi Menuhin was on hand as soloist for Dvořák's violin concerto, played, according to official announcements, to commemorate the centenary of Dvořák. It was one of the least helpful bits of the season's centenarianism because the concerto, except in the finale, doesn't nearly represent the genius of its composer. Mr. Menuhin was superb, though.

Bernard Wagenaar's entertaining triple concerto for flute, 'cello, harp, and orchestra appeared in a new version at a concert by the excellent flutist, Rene Le Roy, who converted a Town Hall recital into a sort of musicale, with assisting artists and a small orchestra. Mr. Wagenaar had rescored the first movement of his concerto so that it could be played by a chamber orchestra, and the small-portion serving was as tasty, in its way, as the original complete spread for a large outfit. The harpist was Carlos Salzedo, who contributed a cadenza of his own. That cadenza must take a lot of practice, but it seemed to be no trouble at all for the accomplished Mr. Salzedo.

MENTION of Mr. Salzedo leads us to the first concert this season by the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, at which he collaborated with John Wummer in a performance of Mozart's C-major concerto for flute and harp for the general delectation of the New Friends in the Town Hall auditorium. The conductor for the concert was George Szell, who is no stranger on the phonograph and radio but who hadn't previously directed before paying guests in this city. Mr. Szell delivered a late afternoon of early Mozart crisply and knowingly. The orchestra's tone sometimes was a bit heavy for the music; otherwise everything was good listening, as is the way with the New Friends' meetings. No second editions of anything at this concert.

IF you had made it a point to keep up with arrangements and revisions of music, you could have caught some at non-orchestral events, too. Jascha Heifetz, playing one of his finest recitals, included an assortment of his settings for violin and piano of music that was written for other purposes, and these items will be of interest to most other violinists. Vladimir Horowitz brought forward his revision of Liszt's transcription of Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," which called for the most dazzling imaginable sort of piano playing, and Mr. Horowitz certainly delivered same.

THEN there is the revival of "Porgy and Bess" at the Majestic Theatre. Alexander Smallens, the conductor, has revised the score so that the overoperatic stretches in the original edition have been eliminated. The result is even a sweller show than "Porgy and Bess" used to be, and a much bet-

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ter opera, preserving all of the charm and vitality of the Gershwin music.

—Robert A. Simon

POPULAR RECORDS

Four Ladies and a Gent

THE careers of the Boswell Sisters —Connie, Vet, and Martha—are probably no mystery to most people who like the Boswell Sisters. Back in the days when swing was known as hot jazz and what we now call riffs were merely hot breaks, the young ladies were the particular darlings of those professional and amateur *cognoscenti* who could tell the real stuff from the corn and who would carry on for hours over some sensational lick played by tenor-sax Joe Blow down at Charlie's the other night. Then, in 1935, the trio disbanded; Vet and Martha got married, leaving Connie to carry on, and very creditably, by herself.

All of which is by way of getting around to the fact that Columbia has just released an album of reprints of eight of the Boswell Sisters' best performances, and those who knew them when are bound to suffer a severe attack of nostalgia listening again to the girls chanting their way through such old specialties as "Rock and Roll," "Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane," "Mood Indigo," and "Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia." Furthermore, the list of musicians who provide the backgrounds for the trio reads like *a Who's Who* of swing—Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, Joe Venuti, Mannie Klein, Eddie Lang, Babe Rusin, Arthur Bernstein, Harry Bluestone, and Dick McDonough, to mention a few. The set (C-82) should definitely be in every self-respecting jazz library.

KATE SMITH has about everything it takes to put over a song in a forthright manner, getting her effects through the sheer appeal of her voice, a voice, by the way, that might have made the Wagnerian grade had the singer chosen to go serious on us. There is much to be said, too, for her diction, which is just about the best you'll hear on records, whether classical or popular. Now, in a simple and dignified manner, Miss Smith has again put her talents to good use, taking care of a pair of old favorites—"Somebody Loves Me" and "My Melancholy Baby" (Columbia 36524). The accompanying orchestra is ably conducted by Jack Miller.

WHILE we're on the subject of simplicity in singing, we might consider Lanny Ross's versions of "The

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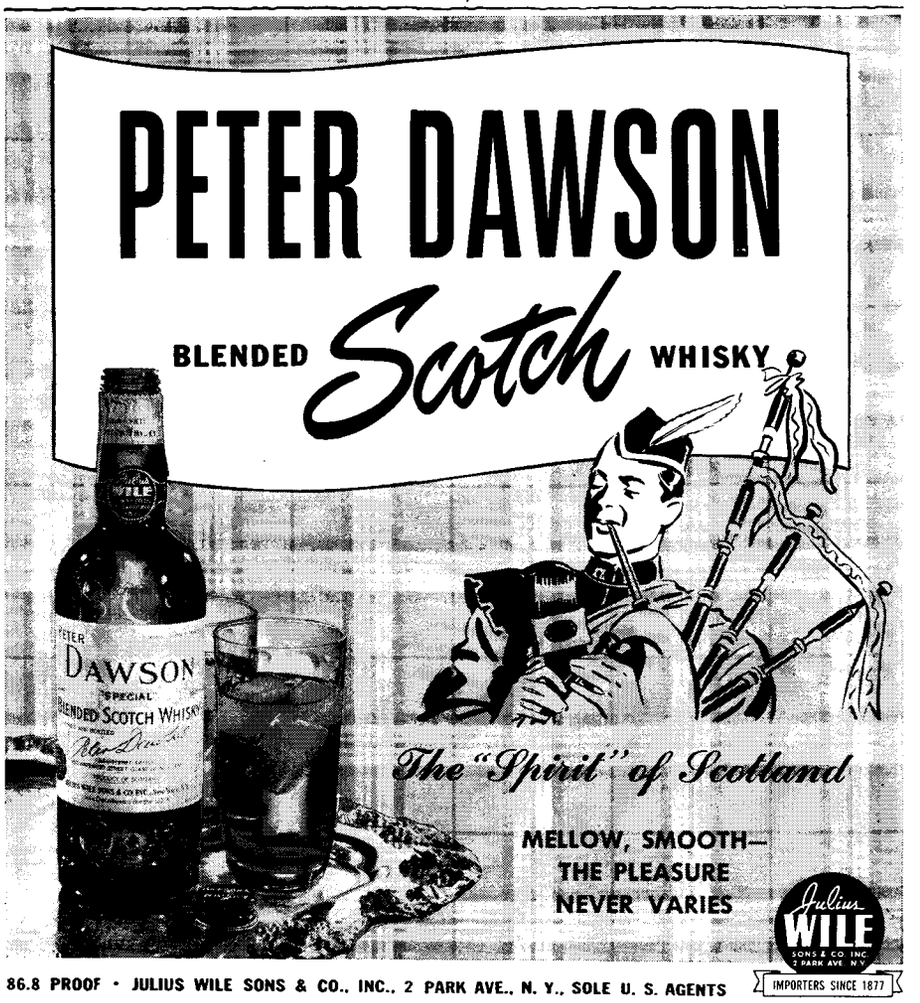

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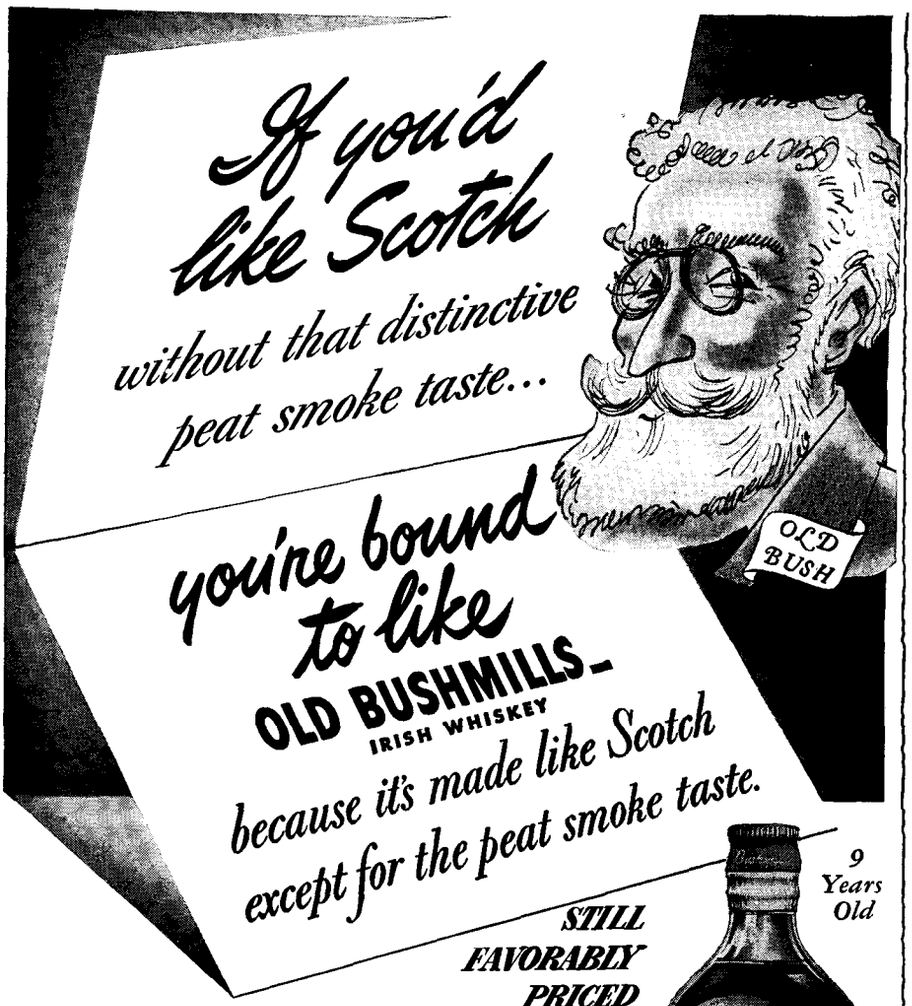
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Lamp of Memory," previously known by its Spanish title of "Incertidumbre," and "Blue Shadows and White Gardenias" (Victor 27799). Mr. Ross presents these with restrained sentiment, and as his work is definitely on the romantic side, this helps the cause considerably.

THE big dance bands, as if you didn't know, are bombarding us with war-song records. So far, however, the boys have been badly stumped by a lack of good words and/or music, and none of their martial output has been of a nature to bring a tingle to the old spine. If you don't mind, I'll stick to "Over There" for the time being. Meanwhile, here is a list of some of the better dance recordings of the moment, swing numbers being identified by an asterisk:

More Than You Know and Down for Double*—Count Basie and his orchestra. Versatility is the story here, "More Than You Know" getting a straight rhythm treatment with no fol-de-rol and "Down for Double" the hot stuff. The orchestra plays in the lower decibels for both pieces and the solo passages are fresh and precisely handled. (*Okeh 6584*)

On the Street of Regret and Fooled—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra. Here's another instance, especially in "Fooled," of the fine balance Duchin and his men maintain between his work on the piano and theirs on everything, from saxophone to cymbals. (*Columbia 36519*)

Somebody Nobody Loves and Hindustan—Artie Shaw and his orchestra. It isn't the usual thing for an orchestra as large as Shaw's to play as smoothly as it does in these. There clearly has been no skimping on colorful effects in the arrangements, besides which both pieces have their proper quota of solid rhythm. Fredda Gibson's vocal in "Somebody Nobody Loves" fits in well and the Shavian clarinet has its moments on both sides without trying to run the show. (*Victor 27798*)

I Never Dreamt and Swingin' on "C"*—Earl Hines and his orchestra. "Swingin' on 'C'" doesn't need description; it just tears along, giving a fine and fanciful summary of what swing can be. Madeline Green and the Three Varieties (fancy for vocal trio) do the choral honors in "I Never Dreamt," a simple, tuneful number, and the orchestra plays both as if all its members were on friendly terms not only with themselves but with the music. (*Bluebird B-11465*)

Las Chiapanecas and A String of Pearls—Woody Herman and his orchestra. "Las Chiapanecas," a traditional folk tune from the Mexican State of Chiapas, serves Woody Herman & Co. well as a springboard into tricky rhythms—American and Latin-American, half and half. "A String of Pearls," as you could guess if you tried, is melody stuff. Ably handled, too. (*Decca 4176*)

—Offbeat

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
(FRENCH DIVISION)

[*Adv. in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*]

WINTER CORSAGES

To wear on the coat. Very stylish and "de trop."

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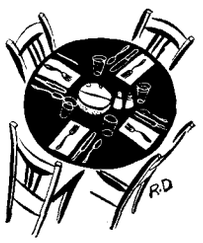
RESTAURANTS

Taking No Chances

ONE of these days I'll tackle that plethora of new restaurants you're hearing about, but right now, while waiting for them to pull themselves together after the customary opening hoorah, I'm sticking to the old-favorites group. They're such philosophers, those old favorites. Once in a while one of them hazards an innovation, but mostly they are content to look on skeptically while the new places take their bows and to wait, napkin folded over arm, for the faithful to return.



Voisin, at Park and Fifty-third, has the knack of recalling an agreeable past in the midst of a feverish present. That flock of canaries is still around, and I find myself even becoming attached to them as they and I reach our dotage together. What would you expect *not* to be able to get here? There's smoked turkey, smoked trout, smoked salmon. There's melon, herring, prosciutto. There are Saddle Rocks, Chincoteagues, and cherrystones—any of them with sauce mignonnette, for a pleasant change. It seems silly to go on, but it's hard not to mention things like veal *à l'estragon*, *coulibiac* of sole with a sauce that goads you on, mallard duck *à la presse*, rack of spring lamb, and pheasant. For a vegetable, whimsical eaters like the tomato sauerkraut or Brussels sprouts with chestnuts; for dessert, classic ones thrive on baba au rhum, cheese pancakes, or apple charlotte with apricot sauce. Voisin is open all day Sunday, which makes it a perfect spot for one of those long, loose-jointed Sabbath meals.

Marguery, at Park and Forty-seventh, has become so identified with eating out of doors that it's almost a surprise to find it doesn't completely hibernate. This elegantly end-of-the-century place is now making a concession to the times by offering the grander sort of *prix-fixe* meals. They're good, too. You'll have very little trouble deciding on something, what with a choice of, say, broiled mackerel, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, chicken *portugaise* with noodles, and minute steak *Parmentier*. That celebrated hot hors-d'œuvre—made of bread fried in butter, tuna fish, Russian dressing, and heaven knows what else—is one thing you must order à la carte, and you'll probably want to order the same way if you favor just a *plat de résistance* with frail embellishments and coffee. There are at least four specialties every day, including Sunday, among them being vol-au-vent of chicken *Toulousienne*, fish ragout in the Cuban style, Irish stew with dumplings, lamb curry the Bombay way, and any game that happens to be in season.

The Ambassador's Trianon Room is a fine place to be sentimental in, helped along as you are by an orchestra with a violinist who does dreamy things with your favorite tunes. The management is making a fuss about its snack lunches, consisting of one substantial course and a beverage, for people who are in a hurry and have in mind something like corned-beef hash, crab meat, ravigote, ravioli, or chef's salad. You may feel you owe more to yourself in those surroundings and want to order a proper meal, with perhaps roast beef in the middle of it. I was interested in such details on the menu as homemade (*sic*) *pâté de foie* with vegetable salad, the cheese list, the China tea, and the Walker-Gordon lactic milk.

WHEN it comes to small places, there's none quite like Giovanni, at 66 East Fifty-fifth Street. You can stay away a year or so and go back to find the same urbane *patron*, the same agreeable waiters, the same green walls, the same big cocktails, and often the same people you saw when you were there last. Giovanni always has a new dish or two to brighten your eye (he describes the hot ones with gestures and has the cold ones wheeled under your nose), but the standbys are good enough to make the novelties seem upstarts. The more familiar Italian specialties, such as gnocchi, ravioli, and scaloppini, are excellently prepared and served any way you want them. Brook trout, pompano, and frogs' legs are usually on the menu and various cuts of beef are always available. Citizens who like to string things out succumb to the special desserts, at special prices which include ritualistic doings at your table, often with fire.

It is surprising, in some ways, how people keep creeping into that funny little Cherio, at 46 East Fifty-third Street. Perhaps it's because the place still feels like a speakeasy, perhaps it's because the bar with the red leather booths has a low ceiling that somehow lets you talk right out loud and still not

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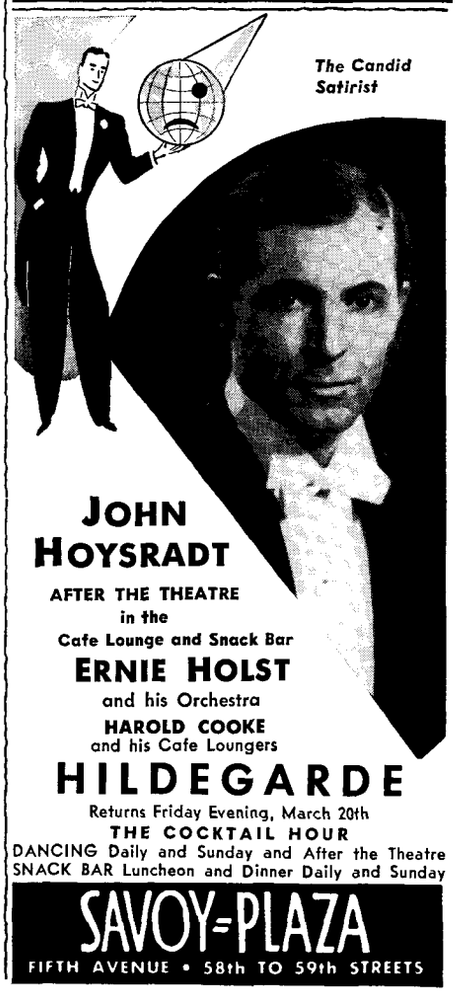

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CLIFTON FADIMAN says:

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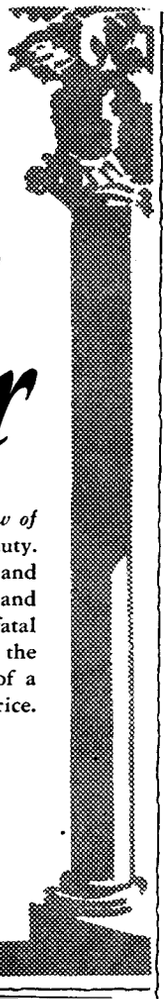
Lion Feuchtwanger



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OVERNIGHT From New York via Seaboard R.R.

seem to be haranguing the room, perhaps it's because the food is good and the proprietor is nice. Anyway, back they go. Cherio serves shrimps cool and natural with two sorts of sauce to dunk in—either of them good enough to make you go on until you've done away with the garnish, too. If you're there for lunch, you might try whatever they call that thin pancake filled with chicken and glazed; it's very fine. At dinner, you'll probably declare for baby lamb chops, capon, lobster Newburg with rice, or filet mignon with sauce *béarnaise*.

I'M just back from my approximately annual trip over to Brooklyn's Gage & Tollner's (call Triangle 5-5181 for directions), where the gas jets in the long line of chandeliers still function as if nothing ever changed in this world and where a waiter who can't display a twenty-five-year-service emblem is looked upon as a tot. Turtles—those behemoths G. & T.'s have used for soups, bouillon, and steaks for so long—are difficult to come by these days, but there was one on hand when I was there, and you may be as lucky. If you think turtle steak should be simply prepared, with just possibly a little sherry in the sauce, you'd better say so; they like it complicated. The chef has all sorts of ways for cooking all sorts of oysters and clams—crumb fry, crumb broil, celery broil, Chicago broil, and Duxbury stew are only a few of them—and most of them can be applied to things like scallops, too. Sea food is obviously favored here, although they will give you steak or chops without a murmur, and even eggs and vegetables. There's a complete bar, naturally, but if you have ever questioned the possibility of getting mellow on a mere two beers, this is the place to cast aside your doubts. —SOUBISE

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

He told me about Scotti, and how he used to sing the Pagliacci Prologue before he got so bad they couldn't use him in Pagliacci. He made one gesture. At the end of the andante, he held out his hand, and then turned it over, palm up. That was all.—*From "Serenade," by James M. Cain.*

"And Scotti, I guess he was nauseating. He was the greatest of them all. Do you know how many gestures he made when he sang the Pagliacci Prologue? One, just one. When he came to the F—poor bastard, he could never quite make the A flat—he raised his hand, and turned it over, palm upward. That was all . . ." —*From "Mildred Pierce," by James M. Cain.*

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FOREIGNERS, by Preston Schoyer. Beginning two years before Japan's war upon China and continuing until approximately the present, this is a sensitive and sometimes heroic novel of China. The plot is focussed on a foreign community of missionaries, doctors, and businessmen, but China, with its humor, common sense, and devotion to the cause, is always in the background. The hero is an American teacher; he slowly learns to know and like the strange country of the Chinese, he falls in love with a Chinese girl, and so on. But in a sense China itself is the hero, and an admirable one.

ISLAND NOON, by Mabel Louise Robinson. The island is a small spot off the coast of New England. On it two brothers and a girl are involved in a complicated story of love, jealousy, and forgiveness. The plot is neatly put together, the characters are credible, and the author has made the most of the sea, the weather, and the rugged New England landscape—a beguiling combination.

OUR AUNT AUDA, by Humphrey Pakington. A humorous and colorful reconstruction of a well-to-do community in England, from the sedate nineties to today. The novel centres in a formidable Victorian aunt, whose Thursday choir practice makes up a minute world in which one can choose a wife or a husband or find companionship, and it tells how gradually, what with war and the machine, this world has disappeared, until today it is merely a pleasant memory.

HOUSE IN THE DUST, by Doris Leslie. A little old lady stands in front of a bombed house in London and remembers her past. A very clumsy method, to be sure, of telling a rather familiar Victorian tale: the charming, unusual young woman who defies her fierce father by marrying for love and finds that she has picked a dipsomaniac. Prettily done, however. An English Currier & Ives.

HEAD OF THE LINE, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Fourteen short stories with a Maine flavor or background. Mildly ironic, warmhearted, filled with homely details of landscape or domestic interior, these stories are recommended to readers who want to escape from this world without too much mental effort.

GENERAL

THE WIND IS RISING, by H. M. Tomlinson. Twelve reflective essays on the course of the war and events immediately before it, from August, 1939, to August, 1941. Sensitive and freshly turned, but the urgencies of the crisis today unfortunately make what the author has to say seem a trifle irrelevant. His famous style, however, has suffered no deterioration.

THIS IS YOUR WAR, by Marquis W. Childs. A sensible manual of information designed to give you an idea of what you are going to have to forgo, what volunteer groups can do, how youth can help, methods of preventing waste, etc. Some of the material is rather out of date, but much of it is still useful.

ILL FARES THE LAND, by Carey McWilliams. The author of "Factories in the Field" points out the great changes taking place in our agriculture: the more or less definite shift toward large-scale industrialized farming and the dislocation of an increasing army of Joads all over the country. A startling book, well done and solidly documented.

THEY CALLED ME CASSANDRA, by Geneviève Tabouis, in collaboration with Helen Scott. Memoirs of the noted French political writer, beginning about 1900 but mainly concerned with people and politics between the 1924 session of the League of Nations and the French debacle of 1940. A sad story, but pleasantly and deftly told. Introduction by Edgar Ansel Mowrer.

SEA POWER IN CONFLICT, by Paul Schubert. Naval developments between the two World Wars and in the present one, including the first sea battles with Japan, considered in terms of naval-air coöperation, ship and plane design, and tactical concepts. The author thinks the battleship will be with us for a while yet. Simply and interestingly written.

STRATEGY FOR DEMOCRACY, by J. Donald Kingsley and David W. Petegorsky. The authors argue that we must "give democracy priority" now by beginning to convert our economy to non-profit production, in anticipation of a postwar world order geared to the same principle. Interpolated essays by Pierre Cot, Max

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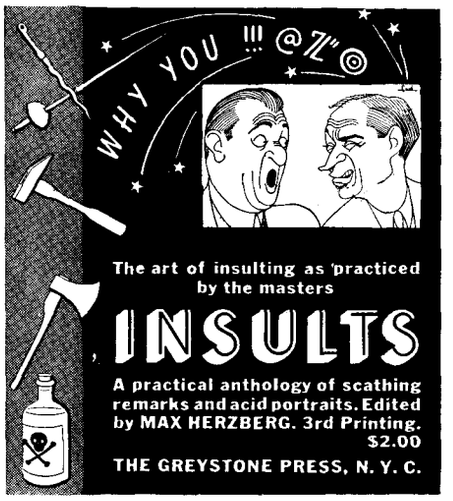

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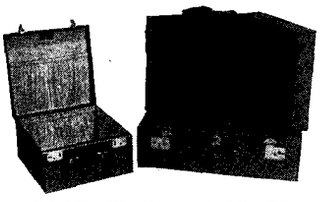

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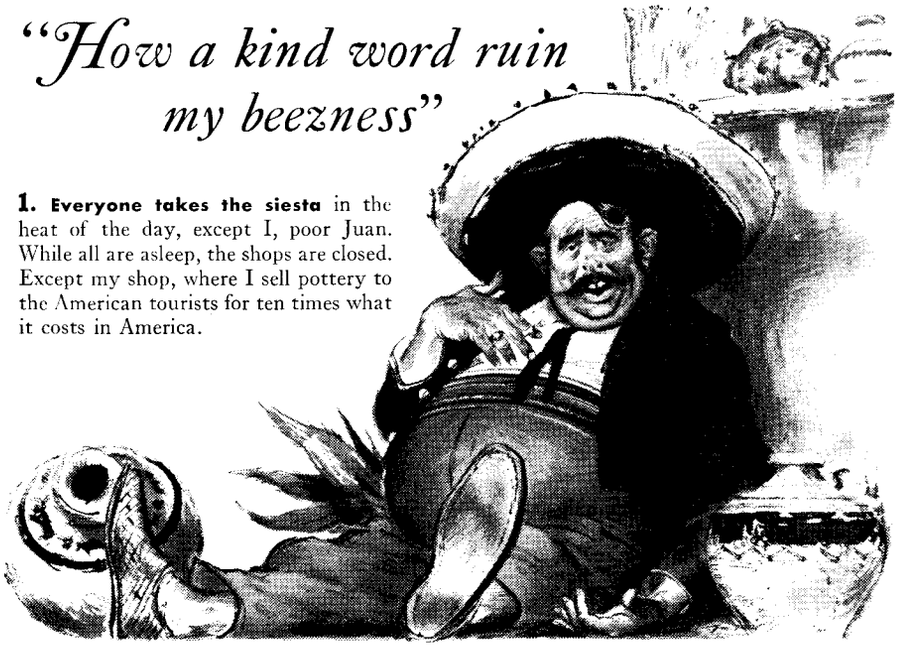
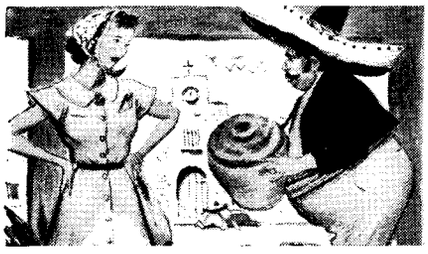
"How a kind word ruin my beezness"

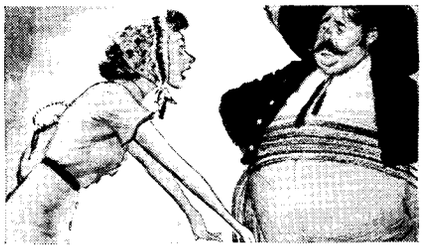


1. Everyone takes the siesta in the heat of the day, except I, poor Juan. While all are asleep, the shops are closed. Except my shop, where I sell pottery to the American tourists for ten times what it costs in America.

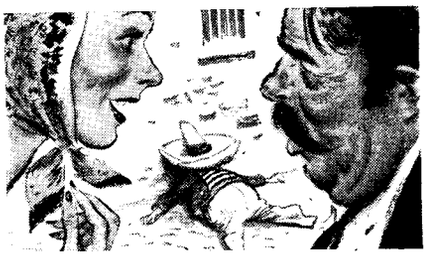


2. An American senorita comes one afternoon to buy the pottery. "How is it that you do not take the *siesta?*" she asked, speaking that strange language which I have heard called Highschool Spanish. "Ah, *senorita,*" I sighed, "I cannot sleep!"

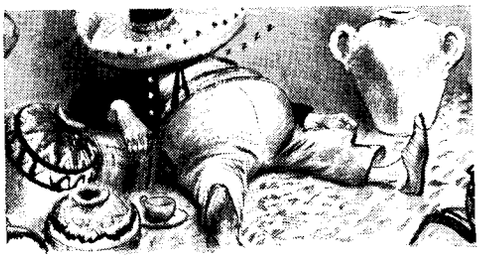
3. "It is the coffee!" I explained. "I love the coffee. I cannot resist it. But when I drink it with the lunch, then all afternoon I am wide awake!" She nodded. "It is good business to be open when other shops are closed!"



4. "I would give all the beezness for a good *siesta!*" I cried. "Then you should drink Sanka Coffee," she said. "It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake!" "It is an American trick!" I scoffed. "How can it be *good* coffee?"



5. "It's wonderful! A blend of finest Central and South American coffees!" she replied. "And it lets you sleep! It was my doctor who first told me about Sanka Coffee ...he recommends it to patients who are kept awake by the effect of caffein!"



6. So in gratitude I charge her only *five* times what the pottery is worth. Later, I try Sanka Coffee. Delicious. And I *sleep* each day during the afternoon. My pottery beezness, he is ruin but *ah, amigo* ... how I enjoy the *siesta!*

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Werner, and others. A vigorous job. Some of the material has appeared in the *Antioch Review*.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF WAR ON CITIZEN AND SOLDIER, by R. D. Gillespie, M.D. An R.A.F. psychiatrist examines the social factors influencing nervous disorders, the relative scarcity of psychoneuroses among bombed civilians in England, the chances for better human relationships after the war, and the like. Much new material. An absorbing analysis, and only mildly technical.

EVE'S STEPCHILDREN, selected and edited by Lealon N. Jones. Anthology of folk Americana, comprising twenty-eight articles and sketches about mountaineers, tenement dwellers, Indians, hop-pickers, and so on, by such writers as Archibald Rutledge, H. H. Kroll, and Josephine Johnson. The collection ranges from amateurish to good. So-so photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

I'LL SING AT YOUR FUNERAL, by Hugh Pentecost. Patrick Cain, ex-welder, becomes the singing protégé of a Park Avenue lady. Carnegie Hall, where he takes his lessons, turns out to be the playground of a blackmailer and a murderer. Cain stumbles over all the resulting bodies and breaks the case as well, which annoys Inspector Bradley, who can't sing a note. Fine puzzle and good, tough dialogue by the author of "Cancelled in Red."

HEADS YOU LOSE, by Christianna Brand. Inspector Cockrill, a disciple of cold logic, is momentarily baffled by three apparently motiveless murders in Pigeonsford, England. Some scary bits in this one.

LAZARUS #7, by Richard Sale. Dr. Steven Mason, a specialist in leprosy, returns from the Far East to visit an old friend in Hollywood. He prolongs his visit when his friend, among others, is murdered. Trying in spots, because of a Hollywood czar's antics, but otherwise sound.

•

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● At right, Miss Lawrence wearing one of her favorite dresses of the season—a blue and fuchsia rayon taffeta, with voluminous skirt cascading from a slim fitted yoke. She enjoys swimming, tennis, ice-skating—and is an accomplished pianist. On weekdays, she does defense work in New York City. About Camel cigarettes, she has this to say: "Friends are always dropping into our house for a chat and a smoke, so we buy Camels by the carton—our friends seem to prefer them. As for me—well, Camel is the *only* cigarette that has the mildness and flavor I want."

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